THE Beau's Duel: OR A SOLDIER FOR THE LADIES.

A Comedy,

As it is Acted at the

New Theater in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

BY

Her MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

LONDON,

Printed for *D. Brown* at the *Black Swan*, and *N. Cox* at the *Golden Bible* neat *Paulsgrave-Head Court*, without *Temple-Bar*, 1702.

Regius Duel:

OR A

SOLDIER

AND A

LADIES.

A Comedy.

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New Theater in Dorset-Garden,

BY

His MAJESTIE'S SERVANTS.

Printed for D. Brown at the Black Swan and Bible without
Temple-Bar, 1702.

TO

Samuel Brown, Esq;

OF

Stocking-Hall

IN

RUTLAND.

SIR,

YOung Authors, like young Wives, are lyable to diſtruſt their own Conduct in every thing; and, whilſt they fear venturing too far, are apt to ſtop ſhort, and rob their Benefactors of thoſe Acknowledgments they juſtly deſerve: Or, by uſeing too looſe a Rein, unavoidably

run into Adulation. But I need fear neither of theſe Cenſures, ſince your Modeſty, which is ſo conſpicuous, will pardon one, and your Character be a ſufficient defence againſt t'other, for 'tis impoſſible to ſay more of you than you deſerve.

To attempt your Character, wou'd be too daring an Undertaking; For what Pen, beſides your own, cou'd expreſs that juſt Thought, lively Fancy, flowing and eaſy Language, that adorn thoſe Pieces, which, like ineſtimable Jewels, too valuable for common uſe, are reſerv'd for the Entertainment of your happy Friends? Your luckly Genius in Poetry, and your peculiar taſt for Muſick, proclaim you the Muſes Darling; for you they reſerve their choiceſt Favours: And, indeed, without ſuch Qualifications, no Man can have a true Reliſh for Productions of this kind; and the moſt Excellent Pieces, wou'd be entertain'd with Coldneſs and Contempt.

How I have perform'd in the following Scenes, is neither poſſible, nor proper for me to determine; 'tis Praiſe enough, that you have given me leave to lay it at your Feet, which I prefer before the vain Applauſe of clapping Multitudes; nor cou'd I ever excuſe it, either to the World, or my ſelf, if I ſlipt any opportunity of publiſhing the Honour you do me: 'Tis a Vanity we are all lyable to, and we glory in the Excellencies of our Patron. Beſides the advantage, 'tis a piece of Juſtice due to this Poem, and my ſelf, to fly for Sanctuary to one who is moſt apt to Pardon, becauſe the moſt capable to Judge; and has himſelf not only approv'd, but alſo, by his inimitable Performance, Corrected and Refin'd upon the moſt pleaſant parts of Poetry.

To conculde, Sir, (for I wou'd, above all things, avoid being too Prolix) give me leave to joyn my hearty Wiſhes with

the

the reſt of Mankind, for your long continuing, as you are, a great Incourager, and principle Ornament of all Polite Literature, and Gentile Accompliſhments, to the unſpeakable Happineſs of all your Friends, among whom to find a place, is the higheſt Ambition of

Sir,

Your moſt Oblig'd,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt humble Servant,

Suſanna Carroll.

8 DE69

PROLOGUE,

By a Gentleman.

WHat Hazards Poets run, in Times like these,
Sure to Offend, uncertain whom to please:
If in a well-work'd Story they aspire,
To imitate Old Rome's *or* Athen's *Fire,*
It will not do, for strait the Cry shall be,
'Tis a forc'd heavy piece of Bombastry.
If Comedy's their Theam, 'tis Ten to one
It dwindles into Farce, and then 'tis gone.
If Farce their Subject be, this Witty Age
Holds that below the Grandeur of the Stage.
Our Female Author, tho' she sees what Fate
Does the Event of such Attempts still wait;
With a true British Courage venters on,
Thinks nothing Honour, without Danger won.
She fain wou'd shew our great Fore-father's Days,
When Vertue, Honour, Courage, wore the Bays:
Fain wou'd she kindle up those fading Fires,
That warm'd their Noble Blood to fierce Desires.
When the Bold Hero, after tedious Wars,
With Bleeding Wounds adorn'd, and Glorious Scars,
From Conquest back return'd, with Lavrels Crown'd,
Where from the Fair, their just Rewards they found.
She thinks't a Crime in any one to dare,
Or hope to gain a Conquest o're the Fair,
Who never cou'd Boast a Victory in War.
Let but your Arms abroad Successful prove,
The Fair at home shall Crown your Toyles with Love.

Drammatis Perſonæ.

Col. *Manly*	In Love with *Clarinda.*	Mr. *Cory.*
Capt. *Bellmein*	His Friend.	Mr. *Booth.*
Toper	An Enemy to Matrimony, and a Friend to the Bottle.	Mr. *Powell.*
Sir *William Mode*	A Fop, in Love with *Clarinda*, and countenanced by her Father.	*Mr. Bowman.*
Ogle	A Fortune-hunter, a conceited Fellow, that fancies every body is in Love with him	Mr. *Pack,*
Careful	Father to *Clarinda*,	Mr. *Feildhouſe.*

WOMEN.

Clarinda	In Love with *Manly*,	Mrs. *Prince.*
Emilia	Her Couſin, an Heireſs, newly come out of the Country,	Mrs. *Porter.*
Mrs. *Plotwell*	Formerly a Miſtreſs to *Bellmein*,	Mrs. *Lee.*
Maid to *Clarinda*		

8 DE59

A Serjeant, Drumers, and Servants.

The Scene, *LONDON.*

THE

THE Beau's Duel: OR A Soldier for the Ladies.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Street.*

Enter Colonel Manly.

Colonel. HOW do Men labour to fool themselves! What Pains did I spare, or Excuse did I not invent, to perswade my Friends I was going another way, to get rid of their troublesome Ceremony, that would have waited on me home; and all this for an Opportunity only of taking a Turn or two before this Window.

Oh Love! How powerful are thy Charms, thus to unman, and send me like a Boy, gaping after Imaginary Joys.

Not all the Hazards of a Soldier's Life could half so much affect me, as the dreadful Apprehension of displeasing this Girl.

Whatever I do, whether I Eat or Drink, whether I Sleep or Wake, whether I'm at home alone, or abroad in Company, my Thoughts are still of her: She's always present, I can see nothing

but her, I can hear nothing but her, I can think of nothing but her; and in ſhort, I care for nothing but her.

'Tis Happineſs enough for any Man to love and be beloved by ſuch a Woman, She's ſo Beautiful, ſo Agreeable, and ſo Loving; yet ſo Virtuous, ſo Chaſt, and ſo Conſtant, that if her Fathers rigid Oppoſition were remov'd, nothing cou'd add to the Bleſſing lyes in ſtore for me.

Enter Capt. Bellmein, *goes within two or three yards of the door, then ſtops ſhort, looks up.*

Capt. Ho, this muſt be the Houſe ——— But what the Devil am I the better for't, the Doors are lock'd, Windows bar'd, my Miſtreſs aſleep, and I may return like an Aſs as I came, without ſo much as being dream'd of———Can Love, that never fails his Votaries at a pinch, inſpire no Stratagem now? Egad I was never more able to offer him a plentiful Sacrifice; and did my Miſtreſs know with what warm Deſires I come, ſhe'd meet me half way, or ſhe deſerves to dye a Maid.

Col. The more I think, I ſtill perplex my ſelf the more; like a poor Fly in a Spiders Web, by labouring to get looſe, I work my ſelf faſter in the Toyl.

And why ſhou'd I ſtruggle any longer with what I can't maſter? or deſire to be without what I'm perſwaded is the greateſt Bleſſing in the World———

I'm reſolv'd I will Love on——— [*Turns ſhort upon the Captain.*] Ha! a Man, and if I miſtake not, mad *Bellmein*, whom I left at the Roſe, he's upon ſome Amorous Deſign, but is too open to hide any thing from his Friend, I'll accoſt him.

Good-morrow Captain, I commend your early Induſtry, you are chooſing ſome fortify'd piece of Virtue to lay a manly Siege to.

Cap. Ha, Colonel, Good-morrow to you with all my heart: No, Faith, I never ſtay the Formality of a Siege; 'tis you honourable Lovers are forc'd to undergo that Drudgery; whene're I meet any, as I rarely do, that reſiſt the ſhock of my firſt aſſault, I fairly draw off to the next, who are ſure to ſurrender upon more eaſie Terms.

Col. So you take all by Storm, Plunder the Garriſon, Fire their Quarters, and march off in Triumph.

Cap. What I do can't be comprehended by conſtant puleing Lovers. They can't bear thoſe ſtrong Joys we ſuck from our luſty Draughts of Love; like weak-ſighted Birds, they fly about in the twilight of Pleaſure, not able to bear the Meridional Heat and Pleaſure of it.

One

One kind glance crowns all your Hopes, and raiſes you to the higheſt Happineſs; but then a Frown, or ſower look, Colonel, throws you down again to deſpair. So that ———

Col. Have a care *Captain*, how far you launch out in this ſtrain, leſt you be too like our Modern Widows, who exclaim moſt againſt a ſecond Husband, when they are juſt upon the point of having one.

Cap. So that from my laughing at honourable Lovers, as you call them, you won'd learnedly infer I am one my ſelf.

Col. Nay Railery apart, it has been ſeriouſly obſerv'd that you are ———

Cap. What?

Col. Very much alter'd of late.

Cap. How! Faith I think my ſelf the ſame Man, I have the ſame Appetites, the ſame Deſires, that ever I had.

Col. Ay, but you ſaunter about in Solitary places, avoid your Acquaintance, and when you can't eſcape them, art more uneaſie than a rich Miſer with a borrowing Friend: And here now I find you out of your way, addreſſing your ſelf to ſenceleſs Wood and Stone.

Cap. Ay, my Friend, but this ſenſeleſs Wood includes a more beautiful *Daphne* than e're the Delian God purſued, a Girl ſo bright, ſo ſparkling, and what recommends her much more to me, ſo coming, [*Embraces him*] that had ſhe liv'd in the days of *Venus*, ſhe wou'd have rival'd that Goddeſs, and out-done her too in her own Attributes.

Col. Have a care you don't miſ-place your Worſhip, for to my particular knowledge no ſuch Perſon lodges in this Houſe.

Cap. To my more particular knowledge ſuch a Perſon does lodge in this Houſe, and in the Room that looks out at that Window too.

Col. Ha! *Clarinda* lodges there, 'tis true; but that ſhe's ſuch as he deſcribes is falſe——Yet ſhe's a Woman, and where Diſſembling grows ſo much in uſe, Perfection muſt be a Stranger. I'll for a while lay by the implicit Lover for the more inquiſitive jealous Man, and try him farther. [*Aſide.*] Well, I may be deceiv'd, but how do you know you are not ſo too?

Cap. Why Faith, ſince I know you to be an honeſt Fellow, and a Man of Honour, I don't care if I truſt you with the Secret, upon condition your aſſiſtance ſhan't be wanting upon occaſion.

Col. 'Slife I ſhall be drewn in to help him away with my Miſtreſs. [*Aſide.*] If ſhe be ſuch as you deſcribe, I believe you will have no great occaſion for help. But to the purpoſe.

Cap. Why you muſt know that in this Houſe lives a dam'd Poſitive ill-natur'd old Fellow.

Col. I know it too well, or by this time his Daughter had been out of your reach. [*Aſide.*]

Cap. And that there's a young Lady, his Daughter, Neice, or ſomething.——

Col. Ay, very probable. What then?

Cap. Why, that likes my Perſon, that's all.

Col. How do you know this?

Cap. Know it? I have infallible ſigns of it; ſhe makes Aſſignations with me, and keeps them; receive my Addreſſes, Letters, and Songs, nay ſings 'em too, and if theſe ben't ſigns ſhe likes me, the Devil's in't.

Col. Well, but her Name —— I'll yet believe *Clarinda* Innocent, and 'tis ſome one elſe he miſtakes for her. [*Aſide.*]

Cap. Nay, now faith Collonel you are unreaſonable, you know 'tis not fair to tell Names.

Col. Not tell me her Name! then I ſhall think you trifl'd with me all this while, and ſcorn the Friendſhip I offer.

Cap. I'll rather tell you all I know, but as for her Name Faith and Troth I know no more hers than ſhe does mine, her deſire to be unknown her ſelf, made her the leſs preſſing, I ſuppoſe, ſo that we freely paſs amongſt our ſelves for *Celadon* and *Cloe*, as you may ſee by this Song, if you'll be at the pains of Reading it; 'tis the laſt I ſent her, and tho' inconſiderable in it ſelf, receives from her Voice ineſtemable value.

Col. O' my Soul, the very Song I heard *Clarinda* ſing, 'tis ſhe paſt all doubt.

Cap. What, at a ſtand *Colonel*! ha! What means all this Concern?

Col. 'Tis for you, my Friend; that Woman you admire I know to be the moſt Cunning, Treacherous, falſe Diſſembler, nay worſe, if worſe can be, in the World; I wou'd adviſe you to proceed with Caution; for Husbands, *Captain*, too late Repent, when they can't quit the ill.

Cap. Ho, if it be only my danger that diſturbs you I'll ſoon eaſe you of that Trouble; Marriage is not the Courſe I Steer, we never admit ſo ſour a thought to turn our more pleaſant Converſation.

Col. How not Marry! What then does all this tend to?

Cap. Phoo, that's unreaſonable again; why nothing, nothing, but a little harmleſs Mirth or ſo.

Col. On my Soul he designs to Debauch her. [*Aside.*]

Cap. Ha! the *Colonel* in his dumps again, there's someting in't I don't understand. [*Aside.*]

Col. Harkee, *Captain*, I know you have Courage, and always took you for a Man of Honour, therefore think it worth my while to tell you this Woman you have been so free with is one I have a long time lov'd, therefore expect you'll give me unquestionable proofs of what you have said, or meet me with your Sword, and so I leave you to prepare your self for which you think most proper. [*Going.*]

Cap. Hy day! Have I been all this while making a Confident of my Rival, and telling my Secrets to the only Man I ought to hide 'em from? Now I perceive what 'twas made him so testy, but he shan't part thus. Lookee, *Colonel*, to show how much I value your Friendship, I'll consent to what you propose; and tho' fighting may be of less trouble, yet for your ease I'll undertake to make out what I've said.

Col. Upon that Condition I'll call you Friend again, but if you shou'd fail you had best look to it.

Cap. Here's some Company coming this way, let's retire till they pass, then I'll tell you our whole Intreigue, and leave you to judge whether I have reason to think as I do. [*They withdraw.*]

Enter Sir William Mode.

Sir *Will. L. Reviere.*—— (*Laric.*) Sir. (Sir *Will.*) Blister me if you don't speak plain *English*! I shall have the World think I'm such a sloven as to keep an *English* Valet: Do you hear, if you don't Minick 'em better I shall turn you away.

L. Rev. Me vil take al de care imaginable, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Very well, Is the Musick all come?

L. Rev. Yes Sire, here be de Fidle, de Hautbois, de Courtel, and de Base Vial, dey be all despose' for to receive your Command.

Sir *Will.* 'Tis very well—— d'hear, do you Marshal them in order before this Window, and see they be ready to strike up as soon as I give the Word. [*The* Colonel *and* Captain *appears.*]

Cap. What the Devil's here, another Lover? What think you now, *Colonel*, your Mistress must be more than Woman if she can hold out against such a formal Seige.

Col. This Fop I know too well to be jealous of, and know her so far from encouraging him, that her Fathers Authority which countenances him, can scarce procure him Common Civility from her.

Cap. Hist, the thing opens.

Sir *Will.* Well, 'tis an unspeakable Happiness we Men of parts enjoy

enjoy above the reſt of Mankind: By our good Management we make our acceſs to every thing we admire, eaſy and certain: How many thick-skul'd Fellows are content to dream of their Miſtreſſes, while I take a more ſecure Method, and wake her in the Morning with Harmonious Muſick.

I wonder how the Ladies can ſuffer theſe Idle Fellows that take no more Pains to pleaſe them; for my own part, I believe I have ſomething extraordinary in me that makes me ſo acceptable to all the Women I come in Company with.—— Well Muſick!

I hope you will all ſhow your ſelves Maſters in your Performance, come ſtrick up: Ah! Merciful *Apollo*, what a hideous noiſe you make; there's a ſound fitter to ſtorm a Breach with, than approach a Ladies ſlumbers. Play ſome ſoft Air, a conſort of Flutes wou'd have done well.

[*While the Muſick plays he uſes a great many odd poſtures, ſeeing the door open, the Muſick ceaſes, and he runs to meet* Lucinda's *Maid.*]

Coll. How, the Door open?

Sir *Will.* Ha! my dear Angel, How does my Goddeſs receive my Morning Sacrifice?

Flo. As ſhe does every thing that comes from the incomparable Sir *William Mode*, with particular Marks of favour in Private, tho' ſhe's oblig'd to lay great reſtraint on her Carriage in Publick, to appear cold to him.

Sir *Will.* But methinks ſhe need not be ſo reſerv'd, ſince I have her Fathers Conſent.

Flo. Ay, 'tis that makes her ſo; for his croſs humour ſhou'd ſhe ſhow the Affection ſhe realy has for you, wou'd make him run counter to what he ſo eagerly purſues now out of meer Oppoſition: For he never oppos'd Colonel *Manly*, till ſhe expreſs'd ſome liking for him; and now ſhe fears, ſhou'd ſhe own her Love for you, 'twou'd prove as fatal to her hopes, therefore begs you by me to take all Indifference in publick for perticular marks of favour.

Sir *Will.* Well, I'll take your Advice, and ſweet Mrs. *Flora* let me intreat you to accept of this ſmall acknowledgement for favours I have receiv'd by your means.

Flo. Oh! Lord, Sir, I vow I'm aſham'd; but I ſhall be always ready to do you good Offices with my Lady. Sir, your Servant. [*Exit.*]

Sir *Will.* Adieu Angel,—— here Muſick, ſtrick up a merry ramble, and lead to my Lodgings. [*Exit.*]

Col. O Woman! Woman! Now Friend I believe all you ſaid, and a great deal more; yet who cou'd expect with ſo much Beauty

ſuch

ſuch ugly falſhood. For thee, or any Man, ſhe might have ſome plea; but this ſign of a Man! to fall ſo low argues a very deprav'd Appetite: S'death I can't bear the thoughts on't.

Cap. Have a little Patience, and every ſmall diſcovery will help you forward to your loſt Liberty: Before to Morrow Night I'll lay ſuch convincing proofs before your Eyes, as ſhall infallibly compleat your Cure.

Col. What's here another Serenade? More Lovers yet?

Enter Toper *Singing.*

The Devil a bit, care I for a Wit,
So I have but Wine and a Fire;
A Wench when I pleaſe, my Paſſion to eaſe,
The Devil a Wife I deſire.

Cap. Ha, ha, Drunken *Toper* Reeling home after a Nights debauch, ſure he's no Lover, 'twou'd be impoſſible for the Blind god to find his heart for the fumes of Wine; beſides, 'tis ſo indifferent to every thing elſe there's no taking it but with a Bottle.

Col. Ha, *Toper*, thou holdeſt thy own yet I ſee.

Top. Colonel, good Morrow, I wiſh you hold your own, Boy, for I met a thing in the next Street may chance undermine your foundation, one who ſays he can do more in one Night, than you in all the days of the Week.

Col. What do you mean?

Top. Why I met Sir *William Mode* big with ſucceſs, returning from *Clarinda*, who, he ſays, encourages his addreſs in private, and only favours you in publick, to egg her Father on to Conſumation with him; and this he purchas'd with a Serenade.

Col. S'death does he boaſt of his ſucceſs, and muſt my Misfortune be the ſubject of the Coxcomb's Railery? Am I publiſh'd to the World as a blind for his deſigns? Hell and Furies, 'tis not to be born: I'll after him immediately, and were every Vanity about him a *Hercules*, I'd force my way thro' them all to ſtop that foul breath of his. [*Going.*]

Cap. Hold, hold, you will but widen the Sore you deſign to heal, 'twill be no hard matter from the Coxcomb's fruitful Impertinence to take another occaſion for quarreling, and then pay old ſcores; or if it be my luck firſt to meet the opportunity, you may be ſure I'll throw in a hearty Thruſt for you.

Top. Nay, Sir, you may ſave your ſelf the labour of quarreling, for he won't anſwer Expectation, I aſure you.

Cap. A Coward; Nay then he ſhall dance a minute the length of the Street, while I beat time upon his back-ſide.

Col.

Col. Hang him, he's not worth our Reſentment: Prithee *Toper*, what is he, for I have but barely ſeen him?

Toper. In the firſt place, he's a meer Compound of Powder, Paint and Affectation, ſo perfum'd, you may ſmell him a Mile, he thinks every Woman in Love with him, and will allow no Man to claim a ſhare in ought above a Chamber-maid; or ſtand in Competition with his Parts or Perſon.

Cap. And yet not fight, ſay you?

Toper. Fight, no, no, he hates the ſight of a drawn Sword, as much as I do that of an empty Bottle. He will ſometimes pretend to Courage, as ſome Women will to Honour and Honeſty, tho' their Inclinations tend to neither, no more than mine to Matrimony. He has 4000 *l.* a Year, which he ſpends in Intrigues, fine Cloths, and Muſick. And he has always as many Fiddlers at his heels, as a general, Officers at his *Levee*.

Col. Whoſe attendance is better rewarded, I fancy, no doubt they taſte the Fruits of their labours ſweetly.

Toper. I'my Conſcience I believe they deſerve it, for who becomes his Favourite, muſt uſe as many Complements as wou'd purchaſe a Maidenhead, tho' the Womans deſign was Marriage. Oh that Fortune ſhou'd be ſo liberal to ſuch a Fool, when ſo many honeſt Fellows ſit in a Coffee-houſe all the Evening, for want of Money to go to the Tavern.

Col. Riches are the common Chance of Knaves and Fools, Fortune is rarely favourable to a Man of Senſe, 'tis with difficulty and danger they purchaſe a Smile from that Fickle Miſtreſs, but Fools are ſtill her care.

I ſhall take more notice of this Fellow the next time I ſee him.

Toper. Which may be this Morning if you will, for he juſt now invited me to an Entertainment of Muſick, that is to be perform'd at his Chamber by ſome of the beſt Maſters; there will be Champaign Boy.

Cap. Will you go Colonel?

Col. Not I; the Converſation of Town-Ladies, who entertain you with the Opinions of fifty Fools, of their Wit and Beauty, and how manag'd by them to their ruin, wou'd be a thouſand times more acceptable to me, than the medly Chat of Fops and Fiddlers.

Cap. Then you won't go?

Col. No, I'll expect you at my Lodgings. [*Ex.*

Toper. But you will, there's Champaign, Pox o' the Company.

Capt. And Muſick too, if that be good, the Company be hang'd. [*Ex.*

Scene

Scene changes to Clarinda's *Lodging in her Father's House.*

Enter Clarinda *and her Cousin* Emilia, *undress'd as walk'd by the Serenade.*

Clar. Dear *Emilia*, you ask so many questions, prithee have some pitty, and spare me a little.

Em. Dear Cousin, do you pitty me, and answer me a little.

Clar. I have answer'd you these three days you have been in Town, more Questions than all the Astrologers and Philomaths in *London* cou'd resolve in a month.

Em. And I have as many more to ask before I can be satisfied: I'd fain know the cause of all this alteration, why so much uneasiness, and so much Spleen? Never pleas'd but when you are displeas'd, nor like your Company, but when you are alone. In short, I have observ'd---

Clar. What have you observ'd, Cousin?

Em. Why that your Father is never well, but when talking to you of Sir *William*; nor you pleas'd, but when you are thinking of some body else.

Clar. Oh, How-inquisitive are Girls!

Em. Oh, how reserv'd are Lovers!

Clar. Prithee, Cousin, learn to be more Serious.

Em. Prithee, Cousin, learn to be more free.

Clar. Then you positively believe I am in Love.

Em. Positively.

Clar. And with———

Em. Another-guess'd Man than your Father designs for you.

Clar. And nothing———

Em. Will perswade me to the contrary.

Clar. Why then I am; and since 'tis in vain to hide it from you, *Emilia*, I'll try you with that confidence I hitherto thought you too young for.

Em. Alas she little thinks I have as great Intrigues of my own, as any she can trust me with, tho' I have been but three days in Town. [*Aside.*

Clar. I am, as you see Cousin, besieg'd night and day, by two as different as night and day; one in the head of innumerable Fopperies and Insolencies, attacks me with the assurance of a Conqueror, before he enters the Field; being supported by the harsh Authority of a rigid Father. The other, after a thousand obsequious Demonstrations of Love at respectful distance, courts to be admitted mine, rather than seeks to have me his.

Em. I'my Conscience were it my case, I shou'd not be at a stand which to choose, there being such apparent difference.

Clar. Nay, there is more yet; for one is Generous and Brave, the other Cowardly and Pittiful; one Judicious, t'other Impertinent;

One Conſtant, t'other Whimſical; one a Man of Senſe, t'other a Blockhead; one admir'd by all, t'other ridicul'd by all.

Em. One, I ſuppoſe, is the Gentleman that gave the Serenade, Sir *William*, of whom I have heard ſo much ſince I came to Town, but t'other, *Clarinda*, I fear is no where to be found, ſuch Men appear but as they ſay the Phenix does, not above one in an Age.

Clar. And that ours has one in him, the Judicious part of Mankind bears me witneſs.

Em. Lovers, *Clarinda*, like People in motion, fancy every thing they ſee moves as they do; and may be from the knowledge of your own Principles and Reſolutions, you from your Notion of his—Now cou'd I almoſt find in my heart to diſcover my own Intrigue, if 'twere only to let her ſee, there are Men that equal, if not exceed hers, but that I'm aſham'd of its forwardneſs in ſo ſhort a time, [*Aſide.*] But how comes it, Couſin, that we never ſee this Man?

Clar. Before you came to Town, my Father forbid him the Houſe, with any farther Pretentions to me, upon Sir *William*'s account, to whom his Honour was engag'd before he ſaw him, or elſe I believe his Follies wou'd have out-weigh'd his Eſtate, for he you know——

Em. I know too much of him, for I have ſeen him.

Clar. So you have t'other too, he was one of the two that bow'd to us t'other night from the ſide-box, and of whom you have ſince been ſo inquiſitive, tho' I never let you into the Secret till now.

Em. Of one of thoſe, I know a Secret which I believe you are a Stranger to, and which I wou'd not for the World diſcover, till I know more on't. [*Aſide.*] If that be he, I like him as well as you can, but I think a Gentleman of Sir *William*'s Eſtate, ſhou'd not ſeem ſo contemptible.

Clar. O dear Couſin don't name him, for beſides the particular Averſion I have for him, 'twould beget in the World a very ſlender Opinion of my Senſe, ſhou'd I encourage ſuch a Fop.

Em. O quite contrary; for Women of Senſe ſtrive to diſtinguiſh themſelves, by their choice of Aſſes fit to bear their Burdens: Beſides, Couſin, if you hate him, you can never get it in your power to torment him, more than by marrying him.

Clar. That would be making my ſelf uneaſie, purely to trouble another; No, no, I muſt have ſome Contrivance to expoſe him, and our Neighbour Mrs. *Plotwell* ſhall help me in it.

Em. Does that Lady ſtill continue her Perſecution of Fops?

Clar. With as much addreſs and ſucceſs as ever; and her pleaſant accounts of her feign'd Intreagues, makes her very entertaining Company; ſhe hates Sir *William Mode*, and I am ſure will aſſiſt in any thing. I never had a ſtronger Temptation to Diſobedience than now, Love and Merit plead on *Manly*'s ſide, Reaſon too approves my Choice; the

the other's an empty nothing, a meer Talker, we'll ſhew his right ſide, expoſe him, ſhall we not my Dear.

Em. With all my Heart, I love Miſchief ſo well, I can refuſe nothing that farthers that.

ACT II.

SCENE. *Sir* William's *Lodgings.*

Enter Sir William *in a Night-gown, looking in his Glaſs.*

Sir *Will.* THis riſing early is the moſt confounded thing on Earth, nothing ſo deſtructive to the Complexion. Bliſter me, how I ſhall look in the ſide box to-night, wretchedly impair my Vigour.—[*Looking in the Glaſs all the while.*] Yet it adds ſomething of a languiſhing Air, not altogether unbecoming, and by Candle-light may do miſchief; but I muſt ſtay at home to recover ſome colour; and that may be as well laid on too; ſo 'tis reſolv'd, I will go. Oh 'tis an unſpeakable Pleaſure to be in the ſide-box, or crowd to the Stage, and be diſtinguiſh'd by the Beau's of Quality; to have a Lord fly into ones Arms, and kiſs one as amorouſly as a Miſtreſs: Then tell me aloud, that he din'd with his Grace, and that he and the Ladies were ſo fond of me, they talk'd of nothing elſe. Then ſays I, my Lord, his Grace does me too much Honour——Then my Lord,—Pox on this Play, 'tis not worth ſeeing; we han't been ſeen at t'other Houſe to-night; and the Ladies will be diſappointed, not to receive a Bow from Sir *William.* He, he, he, ſays I, my Lord, I'll wait upon your Lordſhip. Then ſays my Lord, Lead the way Sir *William.* Oh, pray my Lord, I beg your Lordſhips Pardon— Nay, Sir *William*— Pray my Lord——[*Enter* la Reviere.] Pray Sir *William*——Pray my Lord.

As he ſays this ſeveral times, la Reviere *enters behind him, but as he deſigns to paſs by him, is ſtill prevented by his turning from one ſide to t'other, as he acts himſelf or the Lord.*

L. Rev. Hey! What the Devil is he Conjuring, and talking with inviſible Lords? He's in his Airs, ſome pleaſing Imagination hurries him out of his Senſes——But I muſt to my *Lue,* Hem, Hem, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen below, come to wait upon you dis morning, ſal I ſhow dem up?

Sir *Will.* No, my Lord, by no means, I know better things.

L. Rev. What then am I a Lord? Egad I never knew my Quality before. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Will.* 'Shaw, this Blockhead has rous'd me from the prettieſt Entertainment in the World. [*Aſide.*] Well, what would you, Sir?

L. Riv. I vovd tell you, Sir, dere be one two Gentlemen wait upon you.

Sir *Will.* And let 'em wait till I have done—— I had a thouſand fine things to ſay upon that occaſion, but this rude fellow has frighten'd 'em all out of my Head. [*Aſide.*] Well, ſince my better Diverſion is over ſhow 'em up.

L. Riv. Yeſs, Sir. [*Exit. L. Riv.*]

Enter Captain Bellmein *and* Toper.

Sir *Will.* Gentlemen, I'm your moſt humble Servant, Mr. *Toper* I am extreamly yours, for the honour you have done me in bringing your Friend; I lay under ſevere apprehenſions that nothing cou'd engage you but a Drinking bout.

Top. Faith you were in the Right, for if your Champaine had not more charms than your Muſick, your Fidlers might have play'd by themſelves for me.

Sir *Will.* Oh, how unpoliſh'd! how barbarous that is!

Cap. *Bell.* Why do you expect any other from him? He admires no Muſick like Wine rattling in the throat of a Flask, with a Chorus of Drawers at Coming Sir.

Sir *Will.* And that to me is the moſt Nautious thing under the Moon, impair my Vigor.

Top. Impair my vigor! ha, ha, very pritty Faith; Prithee where did'ſt get that Affirmative?

Sir *Will.* 'Tis my own, at the purchaſe of ſome days ſtudy, for to uſe another Man's Oath, is, in my Opinion, as undecent, as wearing his Cloths: And to be in the Road of the vulgar, is beneath a Gentleman, who, in my Judgment, ought to be as much diſtinguiſh'd by his Expreſſions, as by his Coach and Livery.

Cap. *Bell.* Right, Sir, for ſince every Body that has Mony enough, ſets up an Equipage, a Gentleman ought to find out ſome other way of diſtinguiſhing himſelf.

Sir *Will.* O' my Conſcience they will ape us in that too, for they are ſo proud of following their betters, that they even tread upon their heels; not a formal Cit, or awkard Lawyers Clerk, that won't Court the Cook-wench a quarter for Oil and Flower enough to garniſh out his Wig for a day, that he may Impudently mimick a Beau; if 'twere not beneath me, I cou'd kick ſuch Animals to a Jelly.

Top. How! kick 'em to a Jelly —— why I have ſeen of that kind you talk of, brawny fellows that cou'd kick and cuff too ſtoutly.

Sir *Will.* Ay, that may be, but 'tis not a Gentleman's buſineſs, that always wears a Sword, and has ſome half dozen of Footmen at his heels, to kick and cuff; nor ſtand and conſider whether the Mechanick-

nick be arm'd or not, 'tis enough that he is, or but thinks he is, affronted, to attone for the Life of a Scounderel.

Cap. *Bell.* Now wou'd this Aſs, rank Coward as he is, if not crab'd by the Law, kill a hundred Men honeſter and ſtouter than himſelf, only becauſe they don't wear Swords, or are not ſo finical.

Top. I ſhould think, Sir *William*, theſe honeſt People that wear no Swords, very harmleſs, becauſe they carry no Inſtruments of Miſchief about 'em.

Sir *Will.* Inſtruments! their very hands, their dirty clothes, are Inſtruments of Miſchief. Lookee, Sir, I'll make it very plain to you, I may lawfully kill a Man in my own defence that comes Arm'd, *in Terrorem*, to Rob me of Fifty Pound.

Cap. *Bell.* Right, Sir.

Sir *Will.* You allow that?

Top. We do.

Sir *Will.* Then I'll prove the reſt in an inſtant; I have a new ſuit on that coſt me Fifty Pound, here comes thundering by a dirty Drayman with his Cart, that puts me in bodily fear, and ruſhing rudely by, daubs all my Clothes, ſo that I can't wear them any more; now here's Fifty Pound loſt by this Raſcals dirty Chothes, if I don't prevent it by running him through the Body.

Cap. *Bell.* How! kill a Man for wearing dirty Clothes, ha, ha, ha, the Law makes better Proviſion for Men's Lives.

Sir *Will.* The Law ſhou'd make better proviſion for Men's Clothes too; for the Inſolence of the Vulgar is inſufferable, and if one or two of them were made examples, the reſt wou'd be more Cautious.

One Night after Play, I waited on a Lady from the Box to her Coach, comes a clumſy Cit, with a paultry Mask out of the Gallery, ruſh'd againſt me, threw down the Ladies Page, bruſht all the Powder out of my Wig, then cry'd ha, ha, ha, we have ruin'd the Beau; had I been a Lord, I wou'd have run him through the Guts, but to be try'd by a *Middleſex*-Jury is the Devil.

Top. Ay— theſe vulgar, as you call them, have a greater reſpect for Men's Lives, than to ſuffer that Man to eſcape that kills one of them. But I ſuppoſe your Principle concern riſes from your loſs of the Ladies favour.

Sir *Will.* It had no ſuch effect on her, I aſſure you, Sir; whereever I get footing in a Ladies Eſteem, I ſtand too firm to be juſtled out by a Cit; as for Inſtance, I'll give you another adventure of mine, Being engag'd by Appointment to meet a Lady at *White's*, and detain'd by ſome extraordinary buſineſs, the Lady chanc'd to be there in her Coach as ſoon as I arriv'd in mine, ſo that lighting out of my Coach to go to hers, a naſty Fellow running juſt againſt me,

almoſt

almoſt beat me backward; and, tho' he did it deſignedly, yet cry'd Zounds, can't you ſee! Your Wig blinds you does it! ſo taking one ſide, gave it ſuch a toſs over my Shoulder, that, had not the Lady been paſſionatly in Love with my Perſon, the diſorder I appear'd in might have ſpoil'd my Amour.

Enter Servant and whiſpers.

Cap. *Bell.* Incorrigable Coxcomb, pox on him, I'm weary of him, there's ſo little variety he proves dull, Come ſhall we go?

Top. No, prithee ſtay a little till we ſee what becomes of the Muſick.

Cap. *Bell.* Of the Champaine you mean, *Toper*, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* Ah! Gentlemen, I'm the moſt unfortunate Man this day alive.

Cap. *Bell.* Why, What's the Matter?

Sir *Will.* A curſt miſchance has rob'd me.

Top. Not of your Wine, I hope.

Cap. *Bell.* Nor your Miſtreſs?

Sir *Will.* No, but of Mr. *Quaver.*

Top. Why is he dead?

Sir *Will.* Not quite dead, but an unlucky accident has put it out of his Power to oblige us with his incomparable Singing.

Cap. *Bell.* Is he run thro' the Body?

Top. Or Drunk before Dinner?

Sir *Will.* No, no, Gentlemen, but he has ſcalded his Mouth by Drinking his Chocolate too hot this Morning, and can't Sing.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, a ſad miſchance indeed.

Enter Servant and whiſpers, then goes out and brings him in a Letter.

Cap. *Bell.* Prithee, *Toper*, who is this Fellow he laments ſo much, ſome Raskal that, finding his weakneſs, impoſes on him?

Top. No, 'tis an intimate Friend of his, one as Whimſical as himſelf, and truly fit for no other Company; he made ſhift in a Months time, to purchaſe the diſpleaſure of moſt of the Quality in Town, in ſpight of ſome excellence he has in Muſick; and now is become fit entertainment for ſuch fops as this, who, after the ſtricteſt engagement, will be put off with trifling excuſes. [*aſide.*]

Sir *Will.* You ſee, Gentlemen, how I ſpend my Life, I divide the greateſt part of it between Love and Muſick: And, to make amends for the diſappointment of one, fate has ſent me ſome new diſcovery of 'tother. A new Amour enfeeble me, for upon my Soul, Gentlemen, I never ſaw the hand before; and to convince you of its Novelty, I'll open it fairly before you. [*He opens it, and* Toper *looks over his Shoulder.*] *Reads*, Sir *William*, I'd beg the favour you'd meet me—— Ay, as I ſaid, Gentlemen—— Prithee *Toper* Read it out.

[*While he Reads, Sir* William *capers about.*]

Top. A Belitdoux do you call it? 'Tis the moſt Maſcaline one I ever

ever ſaw, and invites you to a rougher entertainment than you imagin, 'tis a very prity Belitdoux truly, ſhall I read it out, Sir *William*?

Sir *Will.* Ay, prithee dear Mr. *Toper*.

Top. Sir *William*, I beg the favour you'd meet me behind *Mountague*-Houſe, at Six to Morrow Morning, with your Sword in your hand, in order to anſwer what ſhall be alledg'd againſt you, by yours, as you uſe me, *Roughly*.

Cap. *Bell.* A Bilitdoux, do you call it? Why 'tis a Challenge.

Sir *Will.* Ha! [*Taking the Letter and looking upon it.*] 'tis ſo, impair my Vigour; now bliſter me, if I did not think it as plain a Bilitdoux, as ever I read in all my Life. Where did the Porter ſay he brought this Letter from.

Ser. From *Will's Coffee-houſe*, Sir.

Sir *Will.* The Devil he did! Why what has theſe Men of the Sword encroach'd upon our Priviledge there too? What buſineſs can they have amongſt us Beau's and Poets—— What ſhall I do? For in ſhort I won't fight a Man I don't know——and, Gentlemen, I vow I don't remember I ever ſaw this Mr. *Roughly* in all my Life.

Top. Oh he's a damn'd fighting Fellow, your only way is to ſend him word you'll meet him on *Callice* Sands, Duelling is unſafe in *England* for Men of Eſtates, he'll hardly be at the trouble of going over; ſo that if he will fight you, he muſt draw upon you whene'er he meets you; if ſo, you'll have both the Mob and the Law on your ſide; and if you kill him, you need not care a Souſe.

Sir *Will.* Say you ſo Sir, I'll take your Advice, and anſwer it immediately.

Cap. *Bell.* I think Mr. *Toper* has given you Counſel as nicely, as if you had given five Guinea's for a Fee.

Sir *Will.* I'm infinitely oblig'd to him.

Cap. *Bell.* Sir *William*, I kiſs your hand.

Top. Good-by Knight.

Sir *Will.* Gentlemen, your moſt obſequious Servant. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II. Careful's *Houſe*, Ogle *looking up at it.*

Enter on the other ſide Bellmein *and* Toper.

Bell. Who the Devil is that Fellow now? I think in my Conſcience this place is become the Parrade of Lovers.

Top. What, don't you know him! Why 'tis *Ogle* the Fortune-hunter.

Bell. A Fortune-hunter! I ſhou'd ſooner have taken him for a Sheep-ſtealer.

Top. He was an Attorney's Clerk, but his Father dying, left him a ſmall Eſtate; he bought out his Time, and ſet up for a Fortune: There's ſcarce a Match-maker in the whole Town, but has had a Fleece

Fleece at his Purſe; nor ſcarce a great Fortune in Town, but he'll tell you has receiv'd his Addreſſes. In ſhort, He's a Medly of Fop, Fool and Coward. Prithee let's ſpeak to him, he may divert us a little.

Bell. With all my Heart.

Top. Mr. *Ogle*, your Servant———

Ogle. Ha! Mr. *Toper*, I kiſs your hand——— Sir, I'm yours. [*to* Bell.

Top. What makes you ſauntering here? In my Conſcience I believe you are in Love with the great Fortune of this Houſe.

Ogle. Why really Mr. *Toper*, to be ingenious with you, I am, and not without ſome very good grounds neither, I aſſure you.

Bell. How! This Coxcomb encourag'd too. [*Aſide.*

Top. I was in hopes to have wiſh'd you Joy e're now, I think the laſt time I ſaw you, you told me you was to be married to my Lady *Rich.*

Ogle. I did ſo; but ſure I am the moſt unlucky Fellow living, the poor Lady died e're ſhe cou'd have an opportunity of declaring her mind to me; and truly I believe I may, without Vanity, ſay, ſhe died for Love.

Top. What, did you never ſpeak to her?

Ogle. Never.

Bell. How! Never ſpeak to her ſay you; Why how the Devil did you make Love then?

Ogle. By a Third Perſon, Sir.

Bell. I beg your Pardon, Sir——Great Perſons, I remember, do court by Proxy.

Ogle I had ſeveral Letters from her, Mrs. *Cuple* was intimately acquainted with her; you know Mrs. *Cuple*, Mr. *Toper?*

Top. Oh very well, Match making is her buſineſs.

Ogle. I'll ſhow you what ſhe us'd to write to me [*Pulling out Letters*] Here—no, hold, this is from a Baronets Lady, with whom I had an Intreague: This is it---no---this is from a Merchants Wife, a City Animal, that pretends to a nearer Taſt than thoſe of her Level, and wou'd fain have a Child with the Air of a Gentleman, but I beg'd her Pardon, I left her to the Brutes of her own Corporation, for I will have nothing to do with the Body Politick.

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Rediculous Monſter.

Ogle. For if you obſerve, Sir, a Tradeſman is the moſt litigious Cuckold living, he ne'er conſiders the Honour a Gentleman does him, but values himſelf upon his Charter, and moves for Coſt and Damages, when he ought rather to be thankful for the Favour.

Bell. You are very ſevere upon the City, Sir, but where is the Letters you was about to ſhow us?

Ogle. Ha! upon my Life, Gentlemen, I put 'em into my Scrutore this Morning. But as I was ſaying, Mrs. *Cuple* had a hundred Guinea's

of

of me for the management of that buſineſs; and if the Lady had not died, I'm certain ſhe had been my Wife. Well, I ſhall ne'er forget what languiſhing looks ſhe'd caſt at me at Church; then put up her Fan to her Face and ſigh, as much as to ſay, you are the only Man can make me happy.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha, extraordinary Symptoms Faith, 'twas very unlucky that you cou'd not come to the ſpeech of her.

Ogle. 'Twas my ill Fortune, but I am ſo us'd to Diſappointments, that I bear them the eaſier; what I have met with, wou'd have broke the Heart of ſome Men; the Lady *Wealthy* was perfectly forc'd from me by her Uncle, elſe I'm convinc'd ſhe had now call'd me Husband.

Top. Why what hopes had you of her?

Ogle. Hopes: Why the greateſt in the World; ſhe prais'd me to every body ſhe thought knew me; ſhe ſaid I had the handſomeſt Foot and Leg ſhe ever ſaw, the beſt manner of Dreſſing, and the genteeleſt Carriage——She ſaid ſhe could hardly believe me an Engliſh-man, without doing Violence to her Reaſon.

Bell. I ſhou'd be glad that every Engliſh-born Blockhead wou'd diſclaim his Country, [*Aſide.*] Truly, Sir, I'm partly of the Ladies Opinion.

Ogle. Sir, your very humble Servant——

Bell. But, Sir, was you not ſaying you had ſome reaſon to walk before this Houſe?

Ogle. I was ſo, Sir.

Bell. Do you know Mr. *Careful*'s Daughter, Sir?

Ogle. Oh very well, Sir; tho', I believe, not ſo well as ſhe deſires, and I hope to do, in a little time.

Bell. Say you ſo, Sir?

Top. Then you are very well acquainted, Sir.

Ogle. Yes, very well acquainted, Sir.

Bell. Pray, Sir, can you introduce me?

Ogle. Faith, Sir, not very well, for I never ſpoke to the Lady in my Life.

Bell. How! never ſpoke to her: Why I underſtood you, that you was well acquainted, Sir; Ha, ha.

Ogle. Why ſo I am, Sir——Why is it not poſſible to be acquainted without ſpeaking, Gentlemen? Why a Friend of mine lay all night with a Lady, and never ſaw her Face, nor knows not who ſhe is to this moment; now I think ſeeing is of greater conſequence than ſpeaking. But you ſhall hear how far I'm acquainted with this Lady; I lodge at her Milleners, you muſt know, and I have ſeveral times paſs'd through the Shop when ſhe has been in't, and as ſoon as my Back has been turn'd, ſhe has always taken an occaſion to commend me, and ſay ſomething extraordinary in my praiſe, which my Landlady never fail'd to tell me, but with ſuch an Air, as if ſhe was de-

ſired to tell me. Then if ſhe ſees me walking here—as I generally do every Morning, ſhe ſtraight repairs to the Window——thus do you ſee——ſtand you there——Now ſuppoſe me the Lady——you look up at my Window and walk thus, do you ſee?—— Then I run to the Window thus——clap my Arms a-croſs thus——and hang my Head thus——turn my Eyes languiſhing thus——as who ſhou'd ſay, if it were the Cuſtom for Women to make the firſt Addreſſes, I wou'd now beckon you up.

Bell. And is this all the hopes you have?

Ogle. Why is this nothing, Gentlemen?

Top. Nothing at all; and ſix to four the Lady never thinks on you.

Ogle. Not think on me——Egad if ſhe don't Marry me, ſhe's the arranteſt Jilt in Chriſtendom.

Bell. How Jilt!

Ogle. Jilt! Ay Jilt: Why what the Devil need ſhe have made any enquiry after me, prais'd or look'd at me; if ſhe wou'd not have me, why did ſhe give me Encouragement?

Top. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Muſt a Woman be oblig'd to Marry every Man ſhe looks at?

Ogle. I am not every Man, Gentleman——Egad I'm reſolv'd I'll write to her, I'll know what ſhe means by her inſinuating Carriage; I'll to the *Roſe* and write my Letter, if you'll go with me, Gentlemen, you ſhall ſee what anſwer ſhe'll ſend me.

Top. Egad I'm reſolv'd to have good Diverſion with this Fellow, prithee Captain will you go with us?

Bell. I muſt pay a Viſit to an old Miſtreſs of mine that lodges hard-by, but I'll come to you.

Ogle. To be Jilted! Egad I can't bear the thoughts on't; Come, Gentlemen. [*Ex.*

The Scene changes to Mrs. Plotwell's *Lodgings.*

Mrs. Plotwell *Sola.*

Mrs. *Plot.* I grow weary of Perſecuting theſe Blockheads, the very Idea of a Gallant is nauſeous to me: Oh that all Women wou'd but treat the Fools as they deſerve, wou'd they take my advice, no Fop, whoſe Impertinence tended to the Prejudice of Virtue, ſhou'd 'ſcape unexpos'd,

Their different turns of Vice I'd ſhow,
That this Cenſorious Town might know,
The greateſt Monſter in the World's a Beau.

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. The vanity of Fops, you ſay, you'd ſhow,
That all Intreaguing Bells might know,
There's danger in a noiſy Beau.

Mrs. *Plot.* Ha! Who's this that Ecchos my ſound ſo juſtly, yet ſo much inverts the Sence.

Bell. One that omits no pains to invert as many of your Sex as he can. A true try'd old Friend to Love. [*Embracing her.*]

Mrs. *Plot.* Ha! Captain *Bellmein*?

Bell. My charming *Plotwell*, as Blooming, Young, and Fair as ever, as Beautiful as Maſters Viſions, and full of Pleaſure and Delight as Dreams of longing Boys.

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh Lord, give me breath —— let me have a little Air, or I ſhall dy——ſo——, well, Where have you been all this while? And how have you ſpent your time? Lord I think I have a Thouſand Queſtions to ask in one Breath.

Bell. And I have as many to ask you, but can't ſpare time now; ſome more preſſing private buſineſs wou'd take me wholly up, fitter for the next Room—— Shall we retire? [*pulling her.*]

Mrs. *Plot.* No, ſtand off, if we retire, it muſt be upon Conditions agreed to before-hand.

Bell. With all my heart Child, I was never better condition'd for a Ladies ſervice in all my Life; lookee here——here are Conditions, [*ſhows a purſe of Gold.*] Obſerve the Conditions, and let's be happy; tho' I never thought you Mercinary till now.

Mrs. *Plot.* I'm not ſo much diſpleas'd with your miſtaking me, as I ſhou'd be with any one elſe; for beſides ſome allowance for your Humour, your abſence from Town ſo long, may excuſe you from the knowledge of my preſent Principles and Deſigns; and as great a Libertine as you profeſs your ſelf, I know the awful Luſtre of Virtue has always met with due reſpect from you, and that reſpect is the only Condition I require you to obſerve.

Bell. Ha hy, Why what the Devil is here, my old Miſtreſs ſetting up for Virtue? For Heaven's ſake, What do you mean, Madam?

Mrs. *Plot.* As I ſay, Sir, that I'm no more what you once knew me; ſince your abode in *Ireland*, my Uncle, who kept me from my Eſtate, is dead, thank Heaven, and I now am Miſtreſs of a Fortune ſufficient for my uſe; and, had I poſſeſt it ſooner, I never had been what I was: But now, I ſcorn Mankind on terms like thoſe, all Innocent Diverſions I freely take, I keep the beſt Company, pay and receive Viſits from the higheſt Quality, People who are better bred than to examine into paſt Conduct.

Bell. Hy! I find then that Reputation is never loſt but in an empty Pocket; well then thou'rt grown Virtuous, and I muſt never hope for the Bleſſing again.

Mrs. *Plot.* Never, but talk as free as you will, do but obſerve the Rules of Modeſty; I like your Company and Converſation as well as ever, I'm not ſo Rigedly Virtuous to appear a Saint, I can lanch out and laugh with you ſometimes; nay, perhaps contribute to your Mirth. I'll give you a ſhort account how I have paſs'd my time, in expoſing to publick view, all the Follies of your Sex, that part of them, I mean, whoſe Vanity brought them under my laſh, ſuch whoſe Tiffany Natures are ſo eaſily impos'd upon, to have the commoneſt Drabs in Town topt upon them for Women of Quality.

Bell. This Town does abound with ſuch as you ſpeak of.

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh, did you but ſee with what variety 'tis furniſh'd, and how univerſally all Men are infected with an itch after Quality, you'd be convinc'd there's not one, from the Gentleman of the Bed-Chamber, down to a Life-guard Man, but thinks himſelf ſufficiently qualified to deſerve the favour of any Lady in St. *James*'s. I paſs'd upon one for a Counteſs, upon another for a Dutcheſs, another a Baronets Lady, and ſo forth—— ha, ha, the poor Fools were loſt in a cloud of Ignorance, rais'd by the hurry of their own Expectations.

Bell. Why, truly it wou'd ſurpriſe a Man, that never convers'd with ought above a Pit-Mask, to be invited to a Ladies Bed, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Plot.* Such awkard Addreſs, and the means every Man finds to recommend himſelf by, one for Secrecy, 'tother Wit, a third his Perſon, ſo every Fool finds ſomething to think valuable in himſelf.

Bell. There's your Weakly, Finicking, Dancing, Singing, Witty Fop, who values himſelf upon Writeing Billitdoux.

Mrs. *Plot.* And thinks his Company ſo very agreeable, that he Perſecutes People to death, before they can get rid of his troubleſome Impertinence.

Bell. His chiefeſt Tallent conſiſts in the Repertee of an Intrigue. But then there's your old harden'd Sinner.

Mr. *Plot.* Ay, he Crys up Secrecy and Security, his Years, Wrinkles, and diſtorted Body, are ſufficient defence againſt a ſlanderous Tongue; he values himſelf more for what he has been, than for what he is, recommending himſelf upon his knowledge and experience.

Bell. And his great Judgment in the happy management of an Intrigue. But the Man of Senſe.

Mrs. *Plot.* Him all Women ought to ſhun, that fears coming under his power; he approaches Securely.

Bell. Addreſſes cunningly.

Mrs. *Plot.* Inſinuates himſelf ſlily into a Ladies Favour.

Bell. Then ſeizes his Prey at once. [*Embracing her.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh Lord, hold off.

Enter Plotwell's *Maid, and whiſpers her.*

Bell. Pox take her for coming ſo unluckily, this denyal of her's gives me a ſharper deſire than ordinary, that ſhe ſhou'd grow ſo unſeaſonably Virtuous. [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, you have buſineſs I ſee, I'll take my leave, ſome other time I'll hear it out——

Mrs. *Plot.* My buſineſs, at preſent, is for the good of your Friend *Manly*, and I don't know but we may have occaſion for your head to help us out.

Bell. My head, together with the reſt of my Body, is at your ſervice, Madam, whenever you pleaſe to command your humble Servant. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. *Plot. Clarinda* deſires to ſpeak with me at her Father's Houſe, ſay you?

Maid. Yes, Madam, inſtantly.

Mrs. *Plot.* I'll wait on her. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to a Tavern. Toper *and* Ogle *ſealing a Letter.*

Ogle. Here, Porter, carry this Letter as 'tis directed, and bring me an Anſwer.

Porter. Yes, Sir. [*Sir* William Mode *within.*]

Sir *Will.* Here, Drawer, ſhow a Room, and ſend your Maſter to me.

Top. Ha, that's *Mode*'s Voice, a good hint, I'll have rare Sport with theſe two Puppies. [*Aſide.*]

Ogle. I think I heard Sir *William Mode's* Voice, Prithee *Toper* deſire him to walk in.

Top. Not for the World!

Ogle. No, Why pray?

Top. I know not, but ſome body has told him that you are his Rival, and he Swears he'll cut your Throat where-ever he ſees you.

Ogle. How, I his Rival? Where, pray you?

Top. In *Clarinda*, I ſuppoſe.

Ogle. But is it poſſible Sir *William Mode* ſhou'd be my Rival, and never tell me on't? But he's ſuch an egregious Coxcomb, that he gives me no pain.

Top. He call'd you Fop, Blockhead, Baboon —— and ſaid he'd make mince Meat of you.

Ogle. Oh, impoſſible, Sir, he cou'd not mean me.

Top. Do you think I lye, Sir?

Ogle. Oh, by no means, Sir.

Ogle.

Top. Had any Man ſaid ſo much of me, I wou'd have made the Sun ſhone through him; and I think you ought to ſend him a Challenge.

Ogle. What, Challenge my Friend! by no means, Sir; why, Sir, he's my Friend.

Top. So much the worſe, you ought to reſent an Affront from him the more for that.

Ogle. Oh, Sir, you don't know us, we never mind what we ſay of one another; I dare ſwear he never ment it an Affront.

Top. You ly, Sir, he did mean it an Affront.

Ogle. Sir, I heartily beg your Pardon; I believe he did, becauſe you ſay it, Sir, elſe I ſhou'd not believe it.

Top. Sir, I ſay you muſt fight him, and I'll carry the Challenge.

Ogle. That's a ſure way that I Challenge him, but how to come off as ſure, hang me if I know: Look you, Mr. *Toper*, I have not the ready uſe of both my Legs, for, dancing at a private Ball 'tother Night, I cut ſomething higher than uſually, and pitch'd upon a Cherry-ſtone, which turn'd my foot ſo violently, that I vow I have been lame ever ſince, ſo that poſitively I can't fight.

Top. Zounds, I believe you dare not fight him.

Ogle. Pardon me, Sir, I dare fight any Man, that will but give me time to prepare my ſelf for a Duel; For I think there ſhou'd be a Diet us'd for fighting, as well as running.

Top. Ha, ha, ha, well, I find what you hin't at, I'll engage to bring you off ſafe.

Ogle. As how pray?

Top. Why, as thus, do you Challenge him, and, when you meet, draw your Sword.

Ogle. But ſuppoſe he draws again.

Top. Then I'll ſtep in and part you, ſo you are good Friends; for I don't deſign you ſhall fight in earneſt. [*Aſide.*]

Ogle. A very good project.

Top. Come, come, Write three Words to him upon this Paper.

Ogle. But you'll be ſure to part us.

Top. Ay, certainly, [*Ogle writes.*] now I wiſh *Bellmein* was here to ſhare the Diverſion. [*Aſide.*]

Ogle. There, Sir, there's enough.

Top. Let me ſee —— Sir, you muſt reſign all pretentions to *Clarinda*, or fight me immediately, I wait in the next Room for your Anſwer.

Ogle. So, very well, do you ſtay here, I'll be back in a Minute, [*Exit.*

Scene

The Scene changes to another Room in the same House. Sir William *and the Tavern-Man.*

Sir *Will.* This Hermatage is not brisk.

Lan. Upon my Word, Sir *William*, there's not better in *London*.

Sir *Will.* It is not so good as the last you sent me.

Lan. It is the very same, Sir.

Sir *Will.* Well, send me in four douzen.

Lan. And how much Champagne, Sir *William*.

Sir *Will.* Four douzen of that too, and four of *Burgundy*. [*Exit.*

Lan. You shall have it, Sir.

Enter Toper.

Top. Sir *William*, I'm your humble Servant.

Sir *Will.* Mr. *Toper* your Servant: Pray how did you know I was here, I am not usually found in a Tavern.

Top. I heard your voice, Sir *William*; just as you enter'd, I was engag'd in a Quarrel of yours.

Sir *Will.* Of mine.

Top. Ay, Sir *William*, 'tis a damn'd foolish business, I wou'd have made it up, but I found it impossible; so that being your Friend, I undertook to deliver you this. [*Gives him the Letter.*]

Sir *Will.* How's this! a Challenge from *Ogle*; certainly the Fellow's Drunk, or he'd never do this.

Top. No, that he is not I'll promise you, he's Sober enough, but in a damn'd Passion; he says you are a Fop, Fool, nay, Coward; if I might advise you, you shou'd fight him instantly; 'Zdeath were I in your place, Sir *William*, such a Dog shou'd not dare to look, nay, think of a Woman I design'd to marry.

Sir *Will.* I hate fighting, but dare not tell this blustering Fellow so [*Aside.*] Nay, I know he's a Blockhead, and a Coward too, but what Courage Love may have infus'd into him, I know not—Why what the Devil he said not a word of his Passion to me yesterday, he din'd with me.

Top. He did not know it then, but now he Swears he'll spoil your handsome Face.

Sir *Will.* Oh Lord! I had rather be run through the Body, enfeeble me; O'my Soul I wonder what makes Men so stout!

Top. I'll tell you, Sir *William*, Courage is nothing, nothing at all; now if you look big, talk loud, and be very angry, you'll frighten a Man that can't do so as well as you, so you are reckon'd a stout Man; and he that can do it better, is a stouter Man than you, that's all.

Sir *Will.* Is that all? Why then I'm resolv'd to be stout, enfeeble me: But suppose he shou'd draw?

Top. Why then I'll step in and part you.

Sir *Will.* A very good piece of Contrivance, impair my Vigour.

Top.

Top. Be sure you get the first word, for there's advantage in having the first word.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Did you call, Gentlemen?

Top. Ay: Is Mr. *Ogle* below?

Drawer. Yes Sir.

Top. Hold, I'll fetch him my self. [*Ex.*

Sir *Will.* Now am I confoundedly afraid, lest this Fellow shou'd let us fight in earnest.

Re-enter Toper *and* Ogle, *to whom he speaks at entring.*

Top. Be sure you speak angerly, as if you wou'd not hear what I say.

Ogle. Be sure you part us then——Sir, I say I will hear of no Reconciliation, except he resign *Clarinda.* [Toper *runs to Sir* William.]

Top. He's in a damn'd Passion, your hand to your Sword quickly Sir *William*, fear nothing, I'll stand by you—— [*As soon as they see*

Sir *Will.* Mr. *Ogle!* *one another, they run and imbrace.*]

Ogle. Sir *William!*

Sir *Will.* Dear Mr. *Ogle*, I'm glad to see you.

Top. Zounds have I taken all this pains for this—— Harkee, Sir *William*, Dam you draw upon him, or I'll draw upon you; do you hear no reply, but draw, do you hear.

Sir *Will.* Oh Heaven! I must draw in my own defence; and I'm sure there's less danger in *Ogle*, than in this Fellow. [*draws.*] I think, Mr. *Ogle*, you sent me a Challenge just now, by Mr. *Toper*, and having paid the Ceremony due to Friends and Acquaintance, you must draw, Sir, and return my Compliment. I'll be sure to have some body to part us tho'. [*Aside.*] [*Runs and knocks at the door with his foot.*]

Top. Harkee, *Ogle*, you have ruin'd your self by letting him get the Advantage, draw, draw, Sir.

Ogle. Draw, Sir; why, Sir, my Passion was over upon my Faith. Ho, here's Folks enough, I'm resolv'd to draw now. [*Draws.*

Enter two Drawers, one runs to Sir Will. *t'other to* Ogle, *and holds 'em.*

Sir *Will.* Ah, stand off, I had rather be run through the Guts than you shou'd touch me with your dirty Apron, 'twill daub all my Clothes, off Scounderel. [Toper *holds* Ogle.]

Ogle. Let him come, let him come, one thrust will decide our dispute.

Sir *Will.* Pray give us way, 'twill soon be ended.

Enter Bellmein.

Bell. Hy day, what's here, Swords drawn? Nay, then I'll make one in the Number, [*draws.*] Why what the Devil do you hold the Gentlemen for? Let 'em go and give one another Satisfaction, Z'death, I'll fight that Man that shall but offer to hold 'em. [*Takes off the Drawers and* Toper.] Why don't you fight now Gentlemen?

Sir

Sir *Will.* A Pox take him for his Brutish Civility. (*aside*) Harkee Mr. *Ogle*, Do you come along with me, and well contrive some way to make these Fellows believe we dare Fight.

[*When they are at Liberty they stand and look at one another.*

[*He goes to* Ogle, *and in a low Voice.*

Ogle. Agreed.——

Sir *Will.* Come Mr. *Ogle* you shall along with me, we'll find a more convenient Place to decide this Business in, where Friends shall not interrupt; you shall hear of a Duel Gentlemen, tho' 'tis not proper to see it. Your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Ogle. With all my Heart, I dare Fight you any where.——

Roarwell. That's a Lie, prethee order thy Footmon to watch 'em, I fancy they'll have some Comical Stratagem to deceive us. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. With all my Heart; d'ye hear, be sure you take notice where they go, and bring me word. Prethee how did'st work 'em up to this. [*Exit Servant.*

Roarwell. With a World of Pains and difficulty I assure you; but there is no fear of their doing one another any harm in a Fighting way. Is not that Collonel *Manly* yonder?

Bell. Tis, and I have some Business with him, will you walk.

Roarwell. My Business at present lies another way, else I'de be glad to drink a Bottle with him.

For though we Roar, and Rake, and Broils Commence.
Yet give me for a Friend a Man of Sence.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Carefull's House.*

Carefull Solus, *with* Ogle's *Letter.*

Caref. VEry fine, I find my Daughter is resolv'd to have Strings enough to her Bow; Death, to give Encouragement to a Dog that has neither Wit nor Money to recommend him; good Mr. *Ogle*, if I catch you ogling hereabouts, I'll Hamstring you, I can tell you that for your Comfort; I'm glad I got

I got the Letter before her; my Spark's very familiar methinks, (*Reads*) *Madam I'm Inform'd you Entertain Sir* William Mode, *if so, I desire to know the reason why you Encourage me, I am not to be fool'd,*——(who the Devil is this Coxcomb) *if you clear not this Amputation, I shall believe you design to Jilt me,* —— Very Complaisant truly—— answer *per bearer*, as you value your Admirer *Ogle*; Yes I have answer'd *per bearer* with a broken Pate, and I wish yours had been in his Place. Lord, Lord, who would be plagu'd with Children, I'm resolv'd she shall Marry Sir *William* to Morrow; why she'll have as many Fellows at her Heels, as her Collonel has Soldiers waiting for their Pay; why, what a Medly of Suitors has she? Fighters, Fools, and Fops. Well, since you are so fickle, Mistress, I'll fix you presently, or Marry my self. Mr. *Roarwell* was wishing me to a Cousin of his, who will be in Town to day; adod if this perverse Baggage make one Scruple of obeying my Will, I'll have her, and try if a Mother-in-Law won't hamper her; but I'll in, and send for Sir *William* immediately. (*Exit.*

The Scene changes to another Room in the same House, Clar. *and* Emilia *Dressing in Boys Cloaths, Mrs.* Plotwell *with them.*

Cla. Here, here, on with your Manhood quickly.

Emil. I fear, *Clarinda*, this Mosquerade will not be reputable for Women of nice Honour.

Mrs. *Plot.* Oh don't fear that, since you only wear it to do your selves Justice; for Justice can never be dishonourable.

Cla. You are not Insensible, Cousin, how resoloutely my cruel Father Persecutes me with this Fop; therefore, since poor *Clarinda* is in all this Danger, I my own Knight-Errant, and thou my trusty Squire, will March *Encavalier*, and deliver the distress'd Damsel, by beating the Giant into a Pigmy, then be our own Heralds, and proclaim our Victory to my Father, and hollow the Coward so loud in his Ears, that we will shame him out of all Thoughts of this Fool.

Mrs. *Plot.* If that don't do, my Plot shall, *Roarwell* has broke it to him, as I told you.

Cla. I readily submit to any Proposal of yours, and will rely on your Contrivance.

Mrs. *Plot.* You may command me, —— but be quick and Dress; who told you of this Duel?

Cla. Sir *William*'s Valet makes Love to my Woman, through him we discover'd the Time and Place, but I know not the grounds of the Quarrel.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Plot.* That, I ſuppoſe, is your Ladyſhip; for, Mr. *Ogle* publickly declares you are in Love with him.

Cla. Ogle, who is he?

Mrs. *Plot.* A fooliſh Fellow about Town, he Lodges at Mrs. *Comma*'s your Milliner's.

Cla. Oh Heavens, I believe I have ſeen him paſs through the Shop, but never had Curioſity enough to aſk his Name; in Love with him, I ſhould as ſoon be in Love with a Weaſel, Ha, ha, ha, why, is he Sir *William*'s Antagoniſt, I fancy we ſhall have rare Sport.

Mrs. *Plot.* They are as like as two Pees in every thing but Eſtate, and in that Sir *William* outdoes him.

Cla. He is the very Quinteſſence of Fopery; his Name and Nature ſuits exactly, for he's a nice Obſerver of the Modes; his Valet is forc'd to Counterfeit a *Frenchman*, or he would turn him away.

Emil. Ha, ha, ha, Rediculous enough; well, thus Dreſt, now what are we to do?

Cla. Why, when we are ſated with their ſordid Foppery, we'll kick 'em into better Manners.

Emil. How kick, *Clarinda*, if they ſhould return our Compliment, I ſhall quickly diſcover my Manhood to be Counterfeit.

Mrs. *Plot.* Never fear it, they won't fight with a Mouſe, I dare ſwear, if it were out of a Trap.

Cla. I know Sir *William*'s a Coward, I had been often told ſo, and to prove it, I ſent him a Challenge, as from one Mr. *Roughly*, his Man ſaid it put him into ſuch a Conſternation he ſhou'd never forget him, he ſent me word that he'd meet me on *Calais* Sands, and give me Satisfaction, Ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. *Plot.* Ha, ha, ha, A good Excuſe,—— Indeed he's fit for nothing but to ſet upon ones Cabinet to watch ones China. Well, I wiſh you good Sport, and am your Humble Servant. [*Exit* Mrs. *Plot.*

Cla. I'm reſolv'd e're I'll be forc'd into the Arms of a Perſon I loath and deſpiſe, the Paſſion I have for Collonel *Manly*, will tempt me to make him my Sanctuary.

Emil. I muſt tell her of his Falſhood, the thoughts of which has turn'd all the fooliſh Paſſion I had conceiv'd, (*aſide*) take Care *Clarinda* you ben't deceiv'd in him.

Cla. What mean you, *Emilia*?

Emil. That he is falſe.

Cla. Falſe! Impoſſible, How know you this?

Emil. I have the beſt Proof in the World of it, Occular demonſtration;

ſtrations. He makes Love to me; nay don't ſtart; had I not been too much your Friend *Clarinda*, I had not let you into the Secret, for upon my word I dont think him diſagreeable.

Clar. Oh Heavens ſhe's in Love with him! and therefore would ſlyly perſwade me into an Opinion of him, (*aſide*) How know you 'tis he Couſin?

Emil. I am ſure that Gentleman that bow'd to us in the Side-Box the firſt Night I came to Town, has ever ſince purſued me with moſt violent Love; and I muſt confeſs I lik'd his Humour ſo well, that I could not be diſpleas'd with his playing the Fool.

Clar. Where did you ſee him next? How got he an Opportunity?

Emil. You know the next Night I went out with only my Woman.

Clar. I remember.

Emil. Why then I went to the Play in a Mask, purpoſe for a little Diverſion, and 'twas my Fortune to ſit next him inthe Pit, where, during the Play-time he entertain'd me with the prettieſt Diſcourſe in the World, and when 'twas done he wou'd not part with me till I had promis'd to write to him, and I cou'd not help keeping my Word if I was to be Hang'd,——But finding him falſe to you, I hate him; this Letter I have writ to upbraid him.

[*Shews a Letter.*

Clar. How's this! For Mr. *Celadon*?

Emil. Ay, we paſs upon one another for *Celadon* and *Cloe*; for my part, I did not enquire his Name becauſe he ſhou'd not ask mine.

Clar. Did he never ask your Name, nor tell you his?

Emil. No, and I ſuppoſe that was his Policy to prevent a diſcovery to you.

Enter Clarinda's *Maid, gives her a Letter.*

Clar. Ha! 'Tis from *Manly*,—— what's this, (*Reads*) *The private Encouragements you give that Fop Sir* William, *is not ſo cloſely manag'd, to eſcape a Jealous Lovers Eye that ſees you every where to be deceiv'd, touches my tendereſt part, eſpecially from one I thought my own, but we are ſubject to Miſtakes I find, that I am ſo in you, my Eyes, my Ears are all Witneſſes, I ſhall take what care I can not to be troubleſome to you, ſince I find you no longer value the Peace of* Manly.

Oh Monſtrous! perfidious Mankind! Oh I perceive your drift, he charges me with this Fool, on purpoſe to find pretence for his own Falſhood,——It is a poor Excuſe,—— but what won't Men

fall

fall too, when they quit their Honour; Oh that I had but an opportunity of upbraiding him to his Face.

Emil. That you shall, he knows not yet of the Discovery, I'll write to him to come here, I have no reason to suspect his disobeying the Summons, no more now than formerly.

Clar. Did he use to meet you then?

Emil. Most punctually —— But I'll in and write to him, and be here again in a Minute. [*Exit.*

Clar. Well it is impossible to dive into the Heart of Man, for sure he has the Face of Truth, nay I can hardly believe he's false yet, so deep an impression did his seeming Honesty leave behind.

Re-enter Emilia.

Emil. I have sent it away, and I doubt not but convince you of the Truth of what I say; but come don't think on't now, but let's away, methinks I long to Bully these Cowards, pray Heaven they prove so. ——

Clar. Dunce on't this will destroy half the Satisfaction I promis'd my self from this Frollick; but come.

If we succeed in Proteus *Artful School.*
The World shall say, a very Beau's a Fool. Exeunt.

SCENE, Hide-Park.

Enter Sir William, *and* Ogle, *with Files, Pumps, and Night-Caps.*

Sir Will. HEre's a Weapon Mr. *Ogle* will decide the Quarrel as well as e're a Sharp in Christendom, and without danger.

Ogle. An Admirable Contrivance Sir *William*, for now they'll hear of a Duel, and we reckon'd such skillful Artists, that neither cou'd o'recome.

Sir *Will.* Right, I think a Gentleman ought to wear a Sharp for a terror to the Vulgar, and because 'tis the Fashion; but he shou'd never use it but as an Ornament, and part of his Dress, I hope to see it as much a Fashion to Fight with Files, as 'tis to Fence with them. If I was a Member of Parliament, I'de bring in a Bill against

gainſt Duelling, I'm ſure the Clauſe would paſs, for there's a Majority in the Houſe of my Conſtitution. Come approach, Sa, ſa.

Enter Clarinda, *and* Emilia, *with their Swords Drawn.*

Clar. Hold Gentlemen, I'm bound in Honour to part you, ha, what's this!

Emil. Files upon my Honour, ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* Why do you laugh Gentlemen? I think this the niceſt way of deciding a Quarrel, the other is fit for none but Bullies and Soldiers, that get their Bread by't; 'tis eaſily ſeen this way who has moſt Skill; and pray what is got by the other more rude Method, but a ſcandalous Character, or a ſhameful Death.

Ogle. And by my Conſent, he that draws a Sword out of the Immediate Service of the Queen ſhould be hang'd.

Clar. Say you ſo Sir! Now hear my Sentiments, he that wou'd not draw a Sword upon any Juſt Account, ſhould be kick'd thus, and thus Sir. [*Kicks them.*

Sir *Will.* What do you mean Gentlemen?

Emil. Only to rub up you Courage a little.

Ogle. What's that Sir?

Emil. You don't hear well Sir, I'll lengthen your Ears a little. [*Pulls him by the Ears.*

Sir *Will.* I wonder that you who look ſo like a Gentleman, ſhou'd be guilty of ſuch ill-bred Actions; Fye Kick! and Cuff! Exerciſes for Footmen; Pray learn better Carriage of us.

Clar. I'de as ſoon learn Manners of a *Muſcovite*.

Sir *Will.* Pray Sir who are you? And what Affairs led you hither?

Clar. I'm a Servant to *Clarinda*, and conſequently a Rival of yours.

Ogle. O Lord! a Rival of mine too. [*Aſide.*

Clar. I came hither to Kick you, and Expoſe you when I had done; the firſt you are ſenſible I have perform'd, and from that Inſtance of my Honeſty, you may take my word for the reſt.

Sir *Will.* I'm undone; Bliſter me if the very ſhadow of a Duel be not unfortunate. [*Aſide.*

Enter Colloncl, and Captain Bellmein.

Col. *Man.* Why how now young Gentlemen, are you breathing your ſelves, or giving Leſſons in the Stoick Philoſophy to that patient Diſciple?

Cap.

Cap. *Bell.* Or have you a Journey to ride, that you are getting your Backside harden'd for it.

Sir. *Will. Manly* here! I'de compound for half my Estate Blister me! [*Aside.*

Emil. Ha! *Manly* here! We must retire Cousin, lest it spoils our Plot, as doubtless it will, if he knows us.

Clar. Methinks I could even here reproach him. *Ex.* Clar. *and* Emil.

C. *Bell.* This is a hearing of a Duel indeed, —— Files Ha, ha, ha, you was resolv'd to prevent Murder; you need never fear the Exaltation of the Gallows, for your Courage reaches but to a Chance-Medly at most.

C. *Man,* Prethee who were those Gentlemen Sir *William,* methinks they us'd you very familiarly.

Sir *Will.* Men of no Honour you may conclude Collonel, else they would not have abus'd Gentlemen, when they was defenceless.

Col. *Man.* Right, but why wou'd you be defenceless? Faith Sir *William* if this News reaches your Mistress's Ears, it will ruin you in her Favour. Take this for a Rule, the less regard you have for your Honour the more you sink in the Esteem of your Mistress, for all Women hate a Coward; you ought to be forbid the Habits of Men, who can be guilty of Effeminency that even Women would blush at.

Sir *Will.* Why Gentlemen, I think Passive Valour sits well enough upon Men that have Estates, and have a Mind to live and enjoy them.

Col. *Man.* Damn him for a Cowardly Blockhead; prethee lets go, I'm sick of their Folly; besides you said you would convince me of *Clarinda*'s Falshood.

Enter Bellmein's *Man, and gives him a Letter.*

Man. I have run Sir all the way, for the Porter told me it must be given to you that Moment.

C. *Bell.* Ha! There's a lucky hit Collonel; she Invites me to come to her Lodging, and her Servant should be ready to convey me into her Apartment. Here read it Man, now you may convince your self.—— Egad if I were not a damn'd Honest Fellow to my Friend, now cou'd I pass three hours the most agreeably in the World. Pox on me for a prating Coxcomb, could not I have held my Tongue. Well what think you of it Collonel?

Col. *Man.* It is not her Hand, but that's nothing, she might disguise that to conceal it from me, I know not what to think, but

but I'm resolv'd to go, and if I find her false 'twill cure me effectually.

C. *Bell.* Come on then. [*Exeunt.*

Ogle. I have been considering all this while upon what the Collonel said, and I am resolv'd to be Valiant; for if Ladies don't like a Coward —— I shall never get a Fortune; for ought I know I may Fight as well as any Body, I'm resolv'd I'll try. Harkee Sr. *William*, our Servants are here by, let's send for our Swords and fight in Earnest.

Sir, *Will.* Not I Mr. *Ogle*, I declare against Fighting positively.

Ogle. But I declare for Fighting, and so shall you, or resign all Pretensions to *Clarinda*, for I design to Marry her my self, therefore don't think of her, do you hear.

Sir *Will.* You Marry her, Ha, ha, ha.

Ogle. 'Zounds Sir, dare you laugh at a Gentleman, you dare not Fight, take that Sir (*Strikes up his Heels*) and the next time I hear you speak a Word more of her, I'll cut your Throat, and so good by. —— So, this is one step towards Courage; I am resolv'd to Challenge every Man that pretends to a Fortune, till I have got one my self; and now my Hand's in, I'll Challenge this Collonel the next time. I see him, though at the Head of his Regiment.

I'll Cut and Slash, and Kill to that Degree,
I'll crowd up Hell till there's no Room for me. [Exit.

Sir *Will.* Rat this Blockhead, what a Metamorphosis is here; 'tis well I felt upon my Cloak, or I had daub'd all my Cloaths, Blister me, Well, to sing, dance, or Court a Lady, or any such Gentleman-like Employments I'll turn my Back of none; but for this slovenly Exercise of Fighting, I shall never be brought to endure, impair my Vigour. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Carefull's House.

Carefull *pulling in* Emilia *in Boys Cloaths.*

Care. WHo the Devil have we here? Nay, nay Sir, I must see your Face; another Gallant of my Daughter's I warrant! Who are you Sir, from whence come you, what Business have you in my House, ha?

Emil. Oh Lord, what shall I say to this old Fellow, he'll certainly know me. *Care.*

Caref. What are you ſtudying for a Lye Sir? Adod I ſhall make you find your Tongue, ſpeak quickly or I'll cut your Throat (*Draws.*) you Dog you.

Ah! Oh Lord a Sword! For Heavens ſake Sir, Oh Lord Sir don't you know me?

Caref. Know you Sir? who the Pox are you Sir, ha? *Emilia*, why what Maſquerade's this? Where's my Daughter.

Enter Clarinda.

Ho Sir, your Humble Servant, why what a Pox are you going into the Service; you are two pretty Volunteers faith.

Cla. Ha! my Father, what ſhall I ſay,——I'll e'en face it out ſince he has catc'd me; we have done a Friend of yours ſome Service Sir.

Caref. A Friend of mine! As how, pray forſooth?

Cla. Why you muſt know Sir I was inform'd of a Duel between Sir *William Mode*, and a Brother Beau of his; the concern I knew you had for Sir *William*'s ſafety, engag'd my Care for the Prevention; I was unwilling to Expoſe him, by ſending any body elſe, ſo that my Couſin and I, by the help of this Diſguiſe, parted them; but we ſhou'd not need to have made ſuch haſte, for the Puppits was trying their Valour ſafely with a couple of Files, ha, ha.

Caref. Ha, ha, ha, And this was the occaſion of your being in Breeches, ha?

Cla. And I think it a good project too Uncle.

Caref. You do,—— Well Daughter pray let's have you in your Feminine Capacity again; for though you Bully in Breeches, I hope you'll Marry in Petticoats.

Cla. Marry Sir!

Caref. Yes forſooth, I have ſent for Sir *William*, in order to have the ſettlement compleated to Night, and to Morrow your Honour ſhall riſe with the Sun; that is to ſay, you ſhall be my Lady *Mode*.

Cla. Honour Sir, where's the Honour of ſuch a Husband? I hope Sir you will not Marry me to a Coward; why there's not a needy Bully about Town but will beat a Maintenance out of him, and where is the Reputation of ſuch a Marriage.

Caref. But he'll make a ſwinging Jointure, and if you don't like him when you have him, you may live apart.——

Cla. Oh Heaven what ſhall I ſay,—— Sir I beg you but delay your purpoſe for a Month.

Caref. Not for a Day.——

Cla. Sir I have ſworn not to Marry this Month.

Caref. Have you ſo, pray who have you ſworn to Miſtreſs, to Mr. *Ogle*, ha?

Cla. Ogle, who is he pray Sir? —— Heaven, has my Father got this Story too!

Care. You don't know such a Person I'll warrant you as Mr. *Ogle*?

Cla. I have seen such a Fellow Sir, but never spoke to him.

Care. No—— look in my Face, —— You never spoke to him, that is, encourag'd his Love?

Cla. No—— Upon my Honour.

Caref.——You lie, you have no Honour, read that, (*throws her the Letter*) and do you hear, resolve to marry Sir *William* to morrow Morning by six, or I'll Marry my self before Twelve; so take your choice. I'll *Ogle* you, and Soldier you with a Pox to you. [*Exit.*

Cla. Oh Impudence from *Ogle*, I'll have the Rascal tost in a Blanket; see *Emilia* what an audacious Letter tis, bless me, I have no Patience; I encourage such a Rascal. ——

Emil. He is very familiar methinks--- hang him, the Fool's below your Anger, never think on't; come prethee think which way to turn your self if the Colionel be false, as I dare swear he is. What think you of Marrying Sir *William*, he is Master of a fair Estate, which you may make subservient to your Pleasures, to make Life's rugged Journey pass the smoother. If he be true, as you have but little reason to think he is, you may yet find some way to accomplish your desires. Come the time draws on in which you'll be convinc'd of his Truth or Falshhood.

Come what will, resolve to be content,
And trust to Fortune for the wish'd Event. [Ex.

Enter Careful, Toper, *and Mrs.* Plotwell, *dress't like a Quaker.*

Caref. Mr. *Toper*, Your Cousin is welcome, my House is at your Service Madam.

Mrs. *Plot.* I thank thee, but pray thee do not Madam me, my name is *Anne.*

Caref. A very handsome VVoman, and very modestly dress't.

Top. I have us'd all the Arguments in my Power to Convert her from this Formality, but in vain, she's as averse to the Fashions, as other VVomen are fond of 'em; but I hope your Neice and Daughter will work a Reformation in her.

Caref. I rather hope she'll work one in them, I'll assure you I'll recommend her as a Patron. Is this the woman you would recommend to me for a VVife Mr. *Toper*.

Top. The same Sir.

Caref. I protest I like her exceedingly she seems, cut out on purpose for me; her plain way of Living will improve my Estate, and her Morals will hamper my Daughter, I like a Religious Woman.

Top.

Top. You could be better mann'd, if she has not too much; yesterday I carried her to wait on a Relation of mine that has a Parrot, and whilst I was discourling about some private Business, she converted the Bird, and now it talks of nothing but the Light of the Spirit, and the inward Man. Ha, ha. *Care.* Good luck, good luck.

Mrs. *Plot.* Well, well, thee wilt never leave thy ridiculous jests; I say that Mankind were not made for Foppery and Pride, but to do good in their Generation,— Prethee shew me one Text of Scripture for the Fashions, or where Jewels are commanded, or what Holy Matron ever had a Valet, to dress 'em, as they say the *French* Ladies have, Oh monstrous Fashion! —— No no, our devoutest Women were course Linnen, or rather none at all.

Top. Ay, such Saints as wore their Congregations without side, and swarm'd with Christian Vermin, it must be them, ha, ha, ha, but you hold every handsome Garment a Sin.

Mrs. *Plot.* Handsome Garment! Verily I believe, if we are punish'd with Taxes again to carry on another War, 'twill be a just Judgment upon this sinful Land for their full Wiggs, Favourites, Furbelows, false Teeth, and Patches.

Care. Truly I'm of her opinion, she speaks like an Oracle, for the Devil was never so Proud as our Women are now a-days, (*Aside.*) I am resolv'd, if my Daughter shew the least reluctance to my will, to Marry her out of hand. I'll motion it to her, and try how she likes me.— (*aside.*) What think you of a Husband forsooth, for to be plain with you, your extraordinary qualities have rais'd a great desire in me of becoming such.

Mrs. *Plot.* I doubt Friend thou'l't expect a larger Fortune than I am Dame of.

Care. I protest I don't care if you have not a Groat, your Vertue's a wealthy Dowry to me, say you'll but have me, and 'tis enough.

M. *Plot.* But it may be thou'lt be against my course of Life; I love Retirement, must have time for my Devotion in my own way, I'm not us'd to the Ceremony of Visits, and hate Tea-Table Vanity, and Card-play, as they call it. *Toper.* Our Plot takes rarely. (*Aside.*

Care. This makes me love you the more.

Mrs. *Plot.* One thing more; Thou hast a Daughter they say, a topping Gallant, which I desire to see, and try if good Admonitions, together with Example, wont reform her; for plainly I dont care to come under the Roof where Children are, if they be not dutiful, so that I must see her first e're I can give thee my Answer.

Care. That you shall presently.— Here carry this Gentlewoman to my Daughter and tell her, she must entertain her as her Mother that is to be, tell her so from me, if ye hear. [*Ex.* Mrs. *Plot.* and *Servant*

Really Mr. *Toper*, Your Cousin is a profound Christian, if my Daughter refuse to Marry Sir *William*,—I'll Jointure her in my whole Estate.

Top. For ought I know, You can't do better than Marry; for who who would be plagu'd with a disobedient Child?

Care. Especially when they depend upon us for their Fortunes, the Devil a Young Fellow would care a Souce for their Persons, did not our Purse-strings draw. Here forsooth my Daughter is running mad after a Soldier, a Fellow whose Fortunes depend upon his Sword, and here we are going to Wars again, and six to four but a Cannon-Bullet takes his Head off, and then the Wife is turn'd home to her Father again, and in such Cases a Father has never dispos'd of his Children entirely, and all the Jointure shee'll bring, will consist of Housings, Holster-Caps, Pistols, and Swords.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Here's Sir *William Mode* below Sir.

Care. Tell him I'll wait on him presently. Come Mr. *Toper*, you shall be witness of our Agreement; I sent for him to compleat the Business, Sign Seal to Night, and to Morrow we'll have a Dance. [*Exit*

Top. I fancy we shall drive Dancing out of your Head, Old Gentleman. [*Ex.*

ACT IV.

Clarinda, Emilia, *and* Mrs. Plotwel.

Cla. WEll, in my Conscience the first sight of you frighted me horribly, though I knew your Plot, I vow you make a sanctified Figure.

Mrs. *Plot.* Might I pass upon the Brethren think you?

Em. Ay, and hold forth too I'll warrant you, without being discover'd. But is my Uncle so hot upon Matrimony say you.

Mrs. *Plot.* As a hound upon the Scent, tho' he'll share no more of the Pleasure, than the Dog of the Game he runs down, ha, ha.

Cla. I vow I can't help laughing to think what a trick we shall put upon him,—— but the duce on't I cannot be heartily merry till I see Event of this Meeting; I long till the Collonel comes.

Em. So do I as much as you, to upbraid him with his Treachery.

Enter Maid and Whispers em.

In my Conscience he's here,—— show him into my Chamber, tell him Ill wait on him presently,—Now *Clarinda* you shall go in my place.

Cla. Heaven! how I tremble. Oh the Perfidious Wretch, sure he's quite

quite loſt to Virtue, that he dares thus impudently venture into the very Houſe. Oh give me Patience Heaven, and Power to back my Reſolution, and Scorn enough to ſhow my deep Reſentment. (*Ex. Cla.*

Mrs. *Flet.* I'll to the Old Man, and keep him in Diſcourſe, that he mayn't interrupt you. [*Exit.*

Emil. Do ſo,—— I muſt liſten a little to hear what Reception ſhe gives him. [*Ex.*

Enter Col. Manly *Solus.*

Col. *Man.* This Love makes Men the Erranteſt Aſſes in the World, what bluſtering *Mars* with all his Steely Garrauture of War cou'd never do, this blind Boy does with a Feather'd Reed. Oh my Soul, I think I'm grown a Coward, and begin to fear, my Heart beats faſter than a Raw Soldier's in his firſt Engagement, or a Longing Maid in the Arms of a Man ſhe likes, when Opportunity makes her Fear. Sure it cannot be *Clarinda.*

Enter Clarinda.

Ha! By Heaven the very Crocodile. [*Aſide.*

Cla. By all my hopes of Happineſs the very Monſter. [*Aſide.*

Col. *Man.* Madam, you are ſurpriz'd I believe, not to meet the Man you expected; I beg your Pardon for this Diſappointment.

Cla. Oh Indignation! No Sir I have met the Man I expected, though you are diſappointed in your Woman.

Col. *Man.* What does ſhe mean! —— Have you a Stratagem Madam, to bring you off,—— come I'll help you; ſay, you happen'd into this Room by chance, and had no knowledge of the Plot, expected no Gallant.

Cla. Oh unheard of Impudence! a Gallant! No thou Monſter of Ingratitude; have I refus'd all Mankind for thee? Nay, broke in upon the Rules of my Obedience, that I might keep my Faith Inviolate, and am I thus Rewarded? Is it not enough that you are Falſe, and that I ſee you ſo, but you muſt add to your Barbarity, and throw a Scandal on my Fame, to hide your baſe Proceeding. Marry thee, No! From this Moment I reſolve to hate thee, and to put it out of thy Power ever to deceive me a ſecond time. I'll Marry, Inſtantly. (Bellmein *Peeping.*

Bell. I muſt hear how the Collonel ſucceeds in my Place.——

Col. *Man.* It is enough I know thee guilty of that very Crime thou would'ſt impoſe on me; know that you writ to my Friend to come here with whom you have had many private Conferences, tho' I, Heaven knows, would not believe it, till my Eyes convinc'd me; but now thy Crimes are obvious to my Sight, and I take thee at thy word, and from this Moment I'll neve; ſee you more; Confuſion on your Sex. (*Exit.*

Cla.

Cla. Ha, his Friend! what can he mean, —— sure there's some Miſtake in this, yet I cannot call him back.

Enter Emilia *pulling in* Bellmein.

Emil. What have we Eves-droppers; ——Oh Heavens! why was not you with my Couſin?

C. Bell. Hey day! why was not you with the Collonel?

Emil. Why, are not you the Collonel?

C. Bell. No faith, and now I begin to ſuſpect you are not *Clarinda*.

Em. you are in the Right indeed, I am not.

Cla. Oh Heavens I'm undone, *Manly*'s innocent.

C. Bell. No, no Madam, I'll call my Friend back immediately, he ſhall beg Pardon upon the Spot, —— Why, what a damn'd Miſtake is here; faith he's gone, but here's an old Gentleman coming up.

[*Goes to the Door, and returns quickly,*

Cla. Oh Lord, my Father, I'm undone if he finds a Man here; what ſhall I do? This was your Project, *Emilia*.

C. Bell. Ha! 'Zdeath Madam where ſhall I run? For methinks I would not do any more Miſchief, what ſhall I do Ladies?

Em. Ha, a lucky thought comes into my Head; here, here, here, lie down upon this Matt.

C. Bell. With all my Heart: Pox on't, to be thus put to't for nothing. If I had but got a Maidenhead, or made a Cuckold, I would not have vext me. (*Lies down, and they rowl him up.*

Enter Careful, *and tumbles over the Mat.*

Emil. There, there, lye ſtill.

Caref. A Pox on your Pride, we muſt have Matts with a Vengeance; but I'll turn over a new Leaf with this Houſe I'll warrant you; I'll have no Matts, but ſuch as lie under the Feather-Beds: Here I might have broke my Neck.

Enter Toby.

Toby, Sirrah, remove that Matt, and do you hear, throw it into the Horſe-Pond; I'll have no more Mats in my Houſe.

Toby, Matt, 'tis damn'd heavy; come out here, I believe the Dog is got into it.

Cla. Oh Lord, what ſhall I do? (*aſide.* [*The Man goes to take up the Matt, and finds it heavy, ſhakes it and out drops* Bellmein.

C. Bell. The Horſe-pond! Nay then 'tis time to ſhift for my ſelf.

Em. Here, here, There's a Guinea for you *Toby*, bring him off ſome way or other. [*Runs to* Toby.

Caref. Ha, what was that?

Tob. Bark Sir, bark; only the great Dog Sir was crept in the Matt.

Bell.

Tob. Wough, wough, wough, wough. [*Cries of anger.*

Em. Rarely done; expect a better Reward for this, *Toby*.

Care. The Dog was it, I protest I thought it had been a Thief.

Tob. No Sir, nothing else. [*Ex. with the Mast.*

Care. Why how now! Methinks you are mightily prink'd up. Mercy upon me, what a Bush of Hair is there friz'd out; in my Conscience I believe you have got the Fore-top of some Beau's Wigg.

Em. That's the Fashion Uncle, you wou'd not have us dress like my Quaking Aunt that is to be. Ha, ha, ha.

Care. How now Sauce-box, your Quaking Aunt quotha.

Cla. Sir, I hope you don't design to Marry that thing.

Care. Thing do you call her? Icod you shall Marry Sir *William* immediately, or call that thing Mother, I can tell you, that.

Cla. Oh Heaven, what shall I do?

Enter Sir William, *and Mrs.* Plotwell.

Care. Here Sir *William*, I give her to your Arms; I'll have my Coach harness'd, and to Church this Moment.

Sir. *Will.* Madam tho' I don't pretend to be a Beau, yet I hope the World will distinguish the difference between a rough, unhewn Soldier, and a polliſh'd Gentleman; I don't, in the least, hint at *Manly*.

Cla. Insipid Coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Em. to *Plot.* For Heavens sake invent some way to give her an Hours time to consider, or she's undone.

Mrs. *Plot.* Friend shall I speak one word with thee.

Care. Twenty if you please.

Mrs. *Plot.* Let me advise thee, do not be so passionate with thy Daughter, the little Discourse I had with her, shew'd her to be tractable; if thou think'st fit, Ill read her t'other Lesson upon her Duty, and I don't doubt but she'll comply.

Care. With all my Heart; for whatever thou say'st, must be for her good, I'm convinc'd. Sir *William* we'll go take a Glass in the next Room till the Bride be ready, and then——

Sir *Will.* And then Madam I shall be the happiest Man alive; if I would change conditions with the Czar of *Muscovy*, may I be Condemn'd to the Smoak of Tobacco, and never know the Pleasure of taking Snuff.

Em. A very Courtly Wish indeed. [*Ex.*

Mrs. *Plot.* Come, don't trifle away the time I have given you, but write to *Manly*, and beg him to Protect you, and Rescue you from the Arms of this Fool.

Cla. Oh how can I write to him, whom I have abus'd?

Mrs.

Mrs. *Plot.* And did not he pay you in the ſame Coin! Come, come, this little Miſtake rather ſerves to encreaſe his Love than diminiſh it, when he finds you true, as no doubt but *Bellmein* has told him e're this, he'll be glad to accept the Conditions. Come, come; write to him. *Toper* is within, and he ſhall carry it.

Cla. Well, it being my laſt Shift, I'll follow your Advice. [*Ex.*

Mrs. *Plot.* Ay, ay, do ſo, I'll warrant you a Fortune, and the Old Man's Conſent before I have done with him. [*Exeunt.*

A Drum beating up for Volunteers. Bellmein *croſſes the Stage, and a Serjeant after him.*

Serj. Captain, Captain.

C. *Bell.* Ha, Serjeant.

Serj. I have got the fineſt Volunteer, a Beau, Captain.

C. *Cap.* A Beau! Nay, if the Beaus begin to Liſt, let the *French* look to't. Where is he Serjeant?

Serj. He's coming Sir.

C. *Bell.* I can't ſtay now, but I'll be here in a Moment, and I'll bring the Collonel with me. [*Exit.*

Serj. 'll wait you here Sir.

Enter Ogle.

The Captain will be here in a Moment Sir, but pray Sir why will you go for a Soldier, Methinks you might get a Commiſſion.

Og. Becauſe I dreamt Sir I ſhould be a General, —— and I have a mind to riſe gradually, I hate Jumping into Honour at once.

Serj. Sir I honour you; no doubt but you Dream will come true.

Og. Sir I dreamt laſt Night that I ſaw two Armys join Battle, and methought in the Scuffle my Brains was knock'd out, and when I wak'd, I wonder'd to find my ſelf with all my Limbs, I ſtraight felt for my other Leg, and ſuſpected my Eyes when they inform'd me I had both Hands.

Serj. A very good Dream, and ſignifies your Advancement.

Og. Nay, after that I had the ſtrangeſt Dream, my Man found me ſcaling my Curtains for a Fort, killing my Pillow, and entring Duel with my Breeches. Methought all the *Trojan* Faces in the Hangings were turn'd *Frenchmen*, and a Famine raging amongſt 'em, they reſolv'd to Eat me; ſo caſting Dice what part of me to devour firſt, the Lot fell upon my Head. Now Sir, all theſe Dreams I interpret quite contrary, I know I ſhall be a great Man.

Serj.

Serj. No, doubt on't Sir —— I'm afraid all this Fellow's Courage lies in his sleep. I'm resolv'd to sound him a little. [*Aside.*]

Og. Prithee, *Serjeant*, tell me, what sort of a Thing a Camp is?

Serj. Why truly Sir, a Camp wou'd be a pleasant place, did the Fields produce Feather-beds; or if the Streams like those of the Golden Age! did run pure Wine; Or if Camp Meals wou'd every Twelve and Seven observe due Hours! —— But, Sir, to lie half starv'd on scarce fresh Green Sword, just so much Earth, to Earth; and then to live the Life of Nature; Or as some do call it, The Life of the Hardy, to quench one's Thirst at the next Spring, coffin up one's self each Night in Turff, and thence come forth, like one of *Cadmus*'s Soldiers, sown of Serpents Teeth, and start forth Arm'd from a Furrow, is a Course of Life, I fear, will never suit with your Constitution.

Og. 'Tis something hard truly, but no matter, I'm resolv'd.

Serj. Oh! This is nothing Sir; here comes on a Troop, and you in Honour can't but lose an Eye; an Engine there goes off, and you will show your self a Coward, unless you lose an Arm —— Here you are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring more than one Sholder off.

Og. [*Rubbing his Shoulder.*] Ha! I don't like it. (*Aside.*)

Serj. Nay Sir, consider e're you go —— For 'tis a damn'd Discredit to have a Nose after a Battle, or to walk the Streets upon your own Legs.

Og. Humph! —— I feel my self already partly compos'd of Flesh, partly of Wood. Methinks, I hang between two Crutches, like a Man in Chains, toss't by the Wind, I don't like this Slicing into Reputation.

[*Enter* Bell. *and* Coll. Manly.]

Bel. But these Men that you raise *Serjeant*, Are they to go against the *French* or *Spaniards*?

Serj. Why do you ask Sir?

Og. Because I cannot in Honour draw my Sword against the *French*.

Serj. How so, pray? You're no *Jacobite*, I hope.

Og. Oh! Sir, my Scruples are not founded upon Religion; but I'll tell you, the last Long Vacation, I made the Tour of *Paris*, where I receiv'd such extraordinary Marks of Civility from the *French* Court, particularly from the Duke of *Berry*, the Duke of *Burgundy* and the Duke —— and from the Governour of *Calis*, such extravagant Obligations; But above all, from the Governour's Daughter —— That upon my Soul, I cannot descend so far from the *Punctilio's* of

Honour, to go againſt 'em; but againſt *Spain*, I——Ha! the Coll. I'm reſolv'd to fight him however, Death, Hell and Furies: Draw Sir!

Coll. That I ſhou'd be ſuch a Sot to believe her falſe. Oh! I'm undone, ruin'd beyond retrieving!

Coll. Draw Sir, For what, Sir? [*To Bell.*]

Og. Sir, I ſay Draw Sir, or elſe reſign all Pretenſions to *Clarinda.*

Bel. Why what a Metamorphus is this? Is this your Voluntier, Serjant?

Serj. Yes, Sir, but if you had not come as you did, he had been gone, for I found his Courage began to ſink.

Coll. To *Clarinda*! How dares ſuch a Coxcomb as you Name *Clarinda?* [*Draws and Diſarms him.*] Now learn more Wit, or get more Courage.

Og. Courage, Sir, Z'death, Sir, I'll Box with you, [*Pulling off his Neckcloth.*] you have got my Sword, but no matter for that, I'll Fight it out at Fiſts; Loſe a Fortune for want of Fighting, No!

Coll. I'll Box you, you Dog; give me the Cane, [*To the Serjant.*] Sirrah, I'll make Mummy of your Bones, I'll make you forſwear ſauntering after Fortunes, nay you ſhall not dare to look towards the Houſe where they live, or ſo much as think of them. [*Beats him all this time*]

Og. Oh Lord Sir, for Heaven's ſake! Sir, I'll obſerve the Conditions.

Bell. Nay now you are too rigid, I dare promiſe for Mr. *Ogle.*

Og. I will indeed Sir, only let me think of them, for who can help thinking, Sir——

Coll. No, here *Serjeant*, take this Fellow, and let him run the Gauntlet, I'll think you Sirrah.

Og. Oh Lord Sir! ſpare that, and I will not think of 'em upon my Faith, Sir.

Coll. Nay one thing more you muſt promiſe, which is, to reſume your wonted Cowardice, and betake you to your Deſk again. Go take Money of the Men you mean to Cozen; talk little, except when you are paid for't, 'tis an Antidote againſt Beating; keep your Hand from your Sword, and your Landreſſes Petticoats, and you'll live at peace.

Og. I will Colloncl —— Give me Wiſdom that is beaten into a Man, for that ſticks to him Egad. I'm wiſer than a Juſtice of Peace; your Precepts are very learned, Sir. I'm your humble Servant —Farewel Sword, and welcom Tongue again. Now can't I poſitive-

positively till, whether 'tis best to be Courageous, or to have no Courage at all; Beaten if I Fight, and Beaten if I do not. —— Now I think I know something of the Law, and yet if the Question was put to me I cou'd not Resolve it,

But for my own part, I'll lay Courage down,
As all Men do, when they take up the Gown;
Cloak'd with the Law, I may securely duel,
And he that dares Affront me then, shall pay for all. [*Exit.*]

Bell. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Enter* Topar, *and gives the* Coll. *a Letter.*]

Top. Ha! Coll. Opportunly met, I being an Express from the Queen of Beauty, her Orders are in that Paper.

Coll. Ha! 'Tis *Clarinda's* hand—(*reads*) I hope by this time, you are satisfied of my Innocence, as I'm of yours; if not, I beg of you, by all the Tyes of Honour, to rescue me from this foolish Knight, to whom I am this Moment to be married by the rigid Command of my barbarous Father; and if I don't clear your Confures, use me as you please. Yours *Clarinda* —— Rescue thee yes, the Fool shall quit all Pretensions to thee, unless this Arm deceive me.

Bell. If it does Boy, here's another at thy Service.

Top. You may seise her at the End of the Street as she passes; Be sure you marry her as soon as you have got her; Let me alone to bring her Fortune, the Captain must help our Plot forward, as soon as he has help'd you, away with her ——

Bell. With all my Heart, I love Mischief, I have a plaguy hankering Mind after this Cousin tho', e're since *Manly* told me she has Ten Thousand pounds.

Top. The Yoak thou'd be well lin'd, or 'twill sit very uneasy at best. ——

Bell. Ay, there must be Gold proportionable to the Alloy, or 'twou'd not be current Coin, Ha, ha.

Top. Ha, ha, Well, I'm a good Natur'd Fellow now, to spend my time in your Business when I have an Assignation with one of the prettiest Girls about Town, Faith.

Bell. Some old o're worn Drab, I'll warrant, cast off by all the Beaus in Town, and now is become a new Face to the Drunkards.

Top. No Faith, she's a kept Mistriss, she Colt me not a Sauce.

Coll. Thou art still labouring between two Tides, Wine and Women.

men: Wilt thou never take up till thou art confin'd by a Doctor to dry Diet.

Top. Dry Diet? You don't mean a Wife, I hope, catch me at that Meat and Choke me with it, that's juſt a Confinement to Sea-Biſquet at Land; tho' I'd do you all the Service I can, Collonel, in helping you to your Miſtriſs, yet I can't help lamenting the loſs of a Friend.

Coll. Why will Matrimony loſe me to my Friends? I ſhall love them as well as ever, I aſſure you.

Top. Ay, but your Friends won't care that for you, [*Snaping his Fingers.*] for e're the ſecond Bottle, you'll be calling, What's to pay? Your Wife won't go to Bed till you come Home; this makes Company uneaſy, and what makes us uneaſy decreaſes our Value for't; For my Part, I had rather be confin'd to Sea-Men in a Storm, or the Cant of a Conventicle, than the Company of a Married Man, for at every Mouſe ſtirring, I ſhou'd think the Comforts of Matrimony was coming, with all its Commanding Retinue; A Wife, Egad I'd want Wine, the only Support of this Body. ——

Coll. Well, you declare for a Bottle, I for a Wife, which I think the greater pleaſure far.

Top. Where ſhall we find you?

Coll. At the Roſe.

Top. Adieu, *Belmein* ſhall come to you there. *(Exit.)*

Let Fools be fetter'd to that Clog, a Wife,
Whilſt free, I reap the Pleaſure of my Life;
And Heaven grant I may no longer live,
Than I can taſt the Joys which Wine do's give. *(Exit.*

A claſh of Swords. Sir Will. *cries Murder.* Coll. *and,* Cla, Bell, *and* Em. *croſs the Stage.*

Coll. Haſte, my Faireſt, and let us tye that Knot, which nought but Death can loſe. [*Exeunt.*] [*Ent. Caref.*]

Caref. Certainly, I heard Sir *William*'s Voice cry [*Ent. Sir* Will.] Murder. What's the Matter Sir *William*? Where's my Daughter?

Sir Will. Enfeeble me if I know; you had beſt ſend after her immediately, or ſhe'll be married to *Manly*, who drew upon me; and if I had not quitted her, he had run me quite thro' the Body, impair my Vigor.

Caref. This was her Project of going on foot, ſhe wou'd not have the Coach, under pretence of Notice being taken, forſooth; and your

your Perſwaſion made me go before to get the Parſon ready. Od's fleſh, had I been there, this had not happen'd, old as I am, they ſhou'd not have eſcap'd ſo eaſily. Z'death! let a Man take your Miſtreſs from you! In my Conſcience, young Fellows are ſo rotten now a-days, they are afraid of every Scuffle, leſt they drop in pieces. Zounds, I cou'd curſe the Minute I got this Baſtard, to think what a Fortune ſhe has loſt. *(Aſide.)*

Sir Will. Do you take my Breeding to have been at a Bear-garden, Sir, or in Bedlam, to endanger my Life for your Daughter. No, let her go, I'd marry an Actreſs ſooner, and have more Hopes of her Virtue.

Caref. Say you ſo, Mr. Dirty Crown? Adod, I cou'd find in my heart to daſh the Powder out of your Whores Hair for you.

Sir Will. Your Age protects you, Sir. *(Exit.)*

Caref. Well, if I don't fit the Baggage, I'm miſtaken, Egad, I'll marry *Toper*'s Niece immediately. [*Enter Toper.*]
Mr. *Toper*, you came luckily; I am reſolv'd to marry your Couſin this Moment. Nay I'll ſettle all I have upon her. I'll hamper my Daughter, I'll warrant her.

Top. I came to inform you Sir, that I ſaw Coll. *Manly* and your Daughter enter the Church; the Parſon met them at the Door, and I'm much afraid they will be married before you can get to 'em.

Caref. Let her marry and be pox't, I'll not give her a Farthing, I am reſolv'd. Let her go Soldiering with her Huſband, and carry his Knap-ſack, like a Trull as ſhe is. If there be any Favour or Intereſt to be had in an *Engliſh* Parliament, I'll have the Parſon turn'd out of his place, for a *Jacobite* that coupled them.

Top. I have a Friend of mine at the *Roſe*, juſt come from *Oxford*, If you pleaſe Mr. *Careful*, I'll fetch him, and you may be marry'd in your own Houſe. [*Ex.* Roar.]

Caref. With all my heart. Adod, methinks I'm briſk and young again. This Audacious Wench —
My Blood boils high, and all my Spirits move.
Revenge gives Strength to Age as much as Love. [*Exit.*]

ACT

ACT. V.

SCENE *Careful*'s Houſe. *Careful* Leading in Mrs. *Plotwell*.

Caref. Well, my deareſt *Ann*, I think my ſelf the happieſt Man alive ſince I eſpous'd thee: I have ſettled my whole Eſtate upon thee, which, with this Kiſs I do confirm to thee again. [*offers to kiſs her.*]

M. Plot. Pray forbear Sir ——

Caref. How Wife! Refuſe to kiſs me?

M. Plot. Yes, except a ſweeter Air came from you —— Faugh, you have turn'd my Stomach; I wonder you can aſk me, knowing your Lungs are periſh'd.

Caref. Mercy upon me; Why, what have I married! ——

M. Plot. Here, Where are my Servants. [*Ent. a Maid*] Run to the *Exchange*, Fetch me a *French* Night-gown, and *French* Head; Set my Dreſſing-table in order, Do you hear? Let my *Paint*, *Powder*, and *Patches* be ready.

Caref. Oh Lord! Oh lord! *Paint*, *Powder*, and *Patches*; Why, Hark y' Miſtreſs, Are you not a Quaker?

M. Plot. No Sir, I only made uſe of that Diſguiſe to catch you in, but you have Money enough to equip me after the Faſhion, and that was the only Motive of my Sanctity.

Caref. Oh! undone, undone!

M. Plot. Look you Sir, I ſhall never endure your Converſation, I muſt have two Beds, two Chambers, and two Tables, it was an Article of our Agreement, you know, that I ſhou'd live retir'd —— That is a-part Sir.

Caref. A curſe on that Agreement ——But hark y' Wife, you are not in Earneſt ſure?

M. Plot. In earneſt, Why, Do you think I jeaſt with Age?

Caref. And you won't Bed with me?

M. Plot. Did ever Man of your Hairs aſk ſuch Queſtions? I vow I bluſh at your Unreaſonableneſs.

Caref. O Monſtrous! ——

M. Plot. Is it fit I ſhou'd be bury'd? For to Bed with you were a direct Emblem of my going to my Grave!

Caref.

Caref. Mercy upon me! Where is this Rogue, this *Toper?* What damn'd *Sucentus* has he topt upon me?

M. Plot I'll have your *Picture* ſet in my Wedding Ring, to put me in Mind of Mortality; Do you think I'll come within your winding Sheets! For what, to hear you depart all night, and in the Morning find half my Huſband on the Hangings——

Caref. I am married.

M. Plot. Pray why did you marry? In my Conſcience, you're as youthful as a Coffin, and as hot as the ſultry Winter that froze over the *Thames*; they ſay the Hard Time did begin from you. Ha! ha! ha!

Caref. Oh Heaven! I am made the Curſe of all Mankind! O Patience! Patience!

M. Plot. Your Humors comes froſt from you, and your Noſe has Iſicles in Luna

Caref. Hark y' Miſtreſs, you that have a Feaver and Dog-days in your Blood; if you knew this, why did you marry me?

M. Plot. That your experienc'd Aches, that have felt Springs and Falls theſe Forty Years, ſhou'd aſk ſuch a Queſtion, as if I could not find Friends to ſupply your cold Defects; Do you think a Young Woman high in her Blood! ———

Caref. And hot as Goats and Marmoſets. (*Aſide.*)

M. Plot. Apt to take flame, at any Temptation.

Caref. And kindle at the Picture of a Man. [*Aſide.*]

M. Plot. Wou'd wed Duſt and Aſhes, unleſs ſhe were——

Caref Crack'd, try'd, or broken up ha!

M. Plot. Right Sir, or lack'd a Cloak.

Caref. Miſchief, and Hell, was there none to make your Cloak but me!

M. Plot. Not ſo well lin'd Sir, Ha! ha!

Caref. Oh! You ſtaid for a wealthy Cuckold, did you?

M. Plot. Your tame Beaſts ſhould have guilded Horns! — Beſides Sir, I thought your Age wou'd wink at ſtolen Helps, if I took Comfort from abroad.

Caref. Yes, Yes, You ſhall have Comfomfort — I'll deliver Letters for you, or hold the Door! ——

M. Plot. No Sir, I'll not give you that Trouble, I'll have a Maid ſhall do that —— [*Making a Courteſie.*]

Caref. Oh Impudence, unheard of Impudence!

Mrs. *Plot.* But, Sir. I look your Coffers ſhou'd maintain me at my Rate.

Caref.

Caref. How's that, pray?

Mrs. *Plot.* Why like a Lady; I muſt have you Knighted, for I don't like Miſtriſs.—— My Lady, wou'd ſound better.

Carf. Yes, —— I ſhall riſe to Honour. —— [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. *Plot.* I muſt have ſix Horſes in my Coach, four are fit for thoſe that have a Charge of Children, you and I ſhall never have any.

Carf. If we have, all *Middleſex* will be their Fathers.——

Mrs. *Plot.* I'll have four Foot-Men, and this Houſe clear'd of all this Old Lumber, and New Wainſcotted, and lin'd with Looking-Glaſs, have Cabinets, Scritores, and *China.*

Carf. Mercy upon me. —— Hark ye, Miſtriſs, you told me you lov'd Retirement, hated Viſits, and Bargain'd for Hours of Devotion.

Mrs. *Plot.* Right, Sir, but what Woman ſpeaks Truth before ſhe's Married?

Carf. Politickly Anſwer'd, and like one perfect in the ſinning Trade.

Mrs. *Plot.* Well, Sir, don't diſcompoſe your ſelf, 'twill ſignify nothing, I'll in and examin your Jewels, chuſe ſome for every Day, and ſome for Maſques and Balls. [*Exit.*]

Carf. The Devil go with you: Oh that I had my Daughter again! Two Days more of this, and I ſhall grow Mad, or to Redeem my ſelf, daſh out my Brains. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *Changes to* Plotwell's *Lodgings: Enter on one ſide, the Coll.* Clarinda, *and* Em. *on the other,* Bell *and* Toper.

Top. We have done your Buſineſs, Collonel, *Bellemin* here has tack'd 'em together.

Bell. I Canted out the Form of Matrimony as gravely as if I had taken my Degree at *Edinborrough.*

Coll. And how does it take?

Top. Oh! Admirably Well, I liſten'd a while, and found ſhe manag'd it rarely.

Cla. She'll drive my Father out of his Wits.

Top. Well, Captain, you'll obſerve what I told you, I'll follow you with another Project, I'll warrant you, will give the Old Fellow enough of Matrimony; Collonel, do you be ready when I call, to come in, do you hear? I fancy they are in ſuch Confuſion that it would be no hard Matter for all of you to get into the Houſe unſeen.

Cla.

Cla. We'll endeavour it.

Bell. But hark ye, Madam, there's ſomething more to be ſaid, before you and I part; Have you the Conſcience to let your Friend launch into the Sea of Matrimony alone?

Em. To chuſe, Sir, for if the Voyage prove Dangerous, one at a time is enough to be loſt.

Cla. Would you have her Surrender upon the firſt Summons, Captain? You muſt expect ſome Fateague in Love, as well as War, the little diſquiet of Hopes and Fears, do but enhance the Value of a Miſtriſs when gain'd; Soldiers and Knight Errands, ſhould Court Danger and Deſpiſe an Enterpriſe that had no Difficulty in't.

Bell. Ay, Madam, if I had but the Hopes of a Carnival after this Lent, 'twould be a ſufficient Recompence, but Expectation and Uncertainty, is the worſt Food in the World for a Fellow of my Conſtitution.

Coll. Come, Madam, be Generous, you cannot have an Honeſter Fellow, I'll ſay that for him.

Bell. Look ye there, Madam, he'll Vouch for me, if you don't think my own Word ſufficient.

Em. I ſhall truſt no Bodies Judgment but my own, and that tells me, you are too much a Libertine for a Huſband; why you have not the leaſt Reſemblance of a Lover.

Bell. No Reſemblance! Why I am a perfect Skeleton, do but ſee how pale and wan I look! My Taylor ſhall Swear I am fall'n away ſix Inches in the Waſt, ſince this Day ſeven Night, and if theſe be no Signs of being in Love, the Devil's in't.

Om. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Em. Very violent Symptoms truly. —— Have you any more of them, Sir.

Bell. A Thouſand; do but feel here the Palpation of my Heart, the Irregularity of my Pulſe, the Immotion of my Brain. —— In ſhort, my whole Frame's diſorder'd, and without immediate Help, I'm a Dead Man. —— I'm quite out of Breath, I hope ſhe won't put me to the expence of any more lyes, for certainly I have told enough to deſerve any one Woman in *Chriſtendom.* [*Aſide.*]

Em. Poor Gentleman; Well, if your Diſtemper continues, I'll conſult my Pillow for a Remedy.

Bell. Take me with you to that Study, Madam, the ſight of me there, will very much improve your Underſtanding. [*Embracing her.*]

Coll. Come, I hope to ſee thee Bleſt as I am. —— And now my Faireſt, my whole Study ſhall be to make you Happy. [*To Clarinda.*]

Bell. Well, Madam, you had as good give me my Anſwer.

Em. Not till I see the event of your Plot upon my Uncle. *(Ex.)*
Top. Come, come, she's thine Boy.

For tho' at first the Sex o're-shoot, deny:
Press 'em but home, and they will all comply.

SCENE *Carefull's* House. *Carefull Solves.*

Caref. Mercy upon me! What shall I do? — Well thou'rt right enough serv'd, old Boy — Eh — Pox of thy old doating Head [*beats his Head.*] Thou must Marry for Revenge, must thou — I am reveng'd with a Witness —

[*Enter* Bellmein.]

Bell. Sir, your Servant, I come Sir, to do you a piece of Service, if it be not too late; I heard just now, that one *Toper* had lodg'd a Woman, under pretence of a Cousin, in your House.
Caref. Oh Heaven! I'm become the Town-talk already — Well Sir, and what then?
Bell. She's a common Strumpit, Sir.
Caref How Sir! Have a care what you say.
Bell. I'll prove it Sir, she's of known Practice, the Cloaths she wears are but her Quarters Sins — She has no Lining but what she first offends for.
Caref. Oh! I sweat, I sweat.
Bell. Sir, she has known Men of all Nations, and lain in by two Parts of the Map, *Africa* and *America.*
Caref. Oh! oh! oh! oh!
Bell. What ail you Sir, Are you not well?
Caref. Oh undone! undone! I am married Sir!
Bell. Nay then, Heaven help you — Why wou'd you trust *Toper*, the debaucheſt Fellow in Town; she was once his Mistress; Money falling short, I suppose, he has topt her upon you, and is to be maintain'd out of your Bags.
Caref. Oh! I have setl'd all I have in the World upon her, that damn'd Rascal. Oh that I cou'd see him stretch'd upon a Rack now, I'd give a thousand Pound for every Stretch that shou'd enlarge the Rogue thro' all his Joynts; that shou'd but show him Hell, and then recall his fleeting Soul, and give him strength to endure his Torment often. I'd have him as long a dying as a chop'd Eel.

Enter

[*Enter two Footmen bearing in a Frame of a Picture, with a Curtain before it.*]

What have we here?

Foot. My Lady has ſent your Wife a Preſent Sir.

Caref. Who is your Lady?

Foot. My Lady *Manlove.*

Caref. Pray what is it?

Foot. A Picture for her Bed-chamber, Sir.

Caref. For her Bed-chamber? There are but one ſort of Pictures will pleaſe my Wife there —— Pray draw back the Curtain.

Foot. My Lady charg'd that none ſhou'd ſee it but your Wife, Sir.

Caref. Say you ſo Sir; but I will ſee it. [*Draws the Curtain, and* Toper *comes out of the Frame.*] Hell! and Damnation! Are you there, Bawd, Pander, Sirrah, I'll cut your Ears off. [*Draws,* Bellmein *hold him.*]

Bell. Hold Sir, I muſt prevent your running into farther Miſchief; if you kill him the Law purſues you.

Caref. The Law, who wou'd ſcruple Hanging to be reveng'd on ſuch a Dog —— Sirrah, you are a Villain ——

Top. Sir, you are rude, and wou'd be beaten; can't a Man come in private, on Buſineſs to your Wife, but you muſt be inquiſitive ——

[*Enter Mrs.* Plotwell.]

Caref. Why this is beyond Example; Why do you hold me *Sir*? Z'death, I ſhall be Cuckolded before my face!

Top. Ho! Are you come? I thought your Huſband, to keep you chaſt, had ſet a Guard of Eunuchs over you, or ſhut you up in a Room, where no Male Beaſt is pictur'd, leſt the ſight of ought that cou'd beget, ſhou'd ſtir Deſires, for I find he is as Jealous already as an *Italian.*

M. Plot. I wonder *Sir*, who licens'd you to pry, or ſpy out my Friends that come to me in private; it wou'd be more to your Reputation to truſt to my Management, than to be peeping; but it ſhows your unbred Curioſity, which I ſhall correct.

Caref. Zounds! This is beyond the Suffering of a Saint; let me go, and I'll ſlit her Noſe —— Thou Woman double ſtampt.

M. Plot. You'll dare to break up Letters ſhortly, and examine my Taylor when he brings home my Gown, leſt there be a Man in't. I'll have you to know Sir, I'll have whom I pleaſe, and when I pleaſe, and in what Diſguiſe I pleaſe, and not have your ſore Eyes ſo ſawcy to peep, as if by Prevention, you meant to kill a Baſiliſk.

Caref. Mercy on me! I ſhall loſe my Underſtanderſtanding.

M. Plot. Couſin *Toper*, I'll fetch you the Hundred Pound immediately. [*Exit.*]

Caref. A hundred Pound! Oh, oh, oh.

Bell. I vow Sir, I am very much concern'd at your Misfortune, if I was in your place, I'd take my Daughter home; the Collonel is a Man of Honour, and will at leaſt ſecure you from ſuch Affronts as theſe.

Caref. Ah poor Girl! But I have not a Farthing to give her — This damn'd Woman has got all.

Bell. Suppoſe Sir, I cou'd contrive a way to null your Marriage, Wou'd you forgive your Daughter?

Caref. With all my Soul.

Top. What wou'd you give for ſuch a Project, Ha?

Caref. As much as I'd give to ſee you hang'd — Which is all I am worth —

Top. Ha, ha, ha, Well, you wou'd forgive me too, wou'd you not?

Caref. Ay, tho' thou hadſt murder'd my Father, and debauch'd my Mother.

Top. Say you ſo Sir — Well, I will be with you in an inſtant. (*Exit.*)

Caref. But which way will you do it, Sir?

Bell. Why you have not Conſummated yet, have you?

Caref. No, thank Heaven.

Bell. Well, then take you no Care; you'll give your Daughter the ſame Fortune you deſign'd for the Fop Knight?

Caref. Ay, that I will, and 500 *l.* more.

Bell. Come in Lovers, the Scene's chang'd.

[*Enter* Coll. Cla. Em. *and* Toper.]

Coll. Your Bleſſing, Sir. [*Kneels.*]

Cla. And with it, your Pardon.

Caref. You have it, provided I get unmarried again.

Bell. We'll now call for your Lady; Oh, here ſhe comes.

[*Enter* Mrs. *Plot.*

Caref. Zounds, I Tremble at the Sight of her.

Mrs. *Plot.* You ſhan't need Sir, for my Fury is over: I wiſh you Joy, Madam, and Sir I here reſign you up your Settlement again. [*Gives him Papers.*]

Caref. How's this? Ha, pray unfold this Myſtery.

Top. Why, Sir, this is Mrs. *Plotwell*, your Neighbour, who only put on this Diſguiſe to be Serviceable to your Daughter — This honeſt Gentleman here, was the Parſon that Coupled you.

Bell.

Bell Now Sir, I think, I have kept my Word with you.

Caref. Very well.

Mrs. *Plot.* Why, truly Sir, being loath to see this young Lady thrown away upon a Fool, when she had the Prospect of such a Worthy Match as Collonel *Manly*, I undertook to reduce you to your Reason, and I don't doubt but you'll own I have done you a piece of Service, in forcing you to exclude a Blockhead out of your Family, and in his stead, receiv'd a Man of Sense and Honour.

Coll. 'Tis now, Madam, my turn to pay my Acknowledgments for this unexpected Goodness; instruct me, pray, which way I may be Grateful.

Mrs. *Plot.* If I have done Good, it Rewards it self; and if Mr. *Careful* pleases to pardon the Frolick, I shall be over-paid.

Caref. With all my Heart, I faith, the Frolick was a pretty Frolick——Now 'tis over. [*Enter* Sir *Will. Mode.*]

Sir *Will.* I heard you was Married, Mr. *Careful*, I wish you Joy.

Caref. You are mistaken, Sir *William*, 'tis my Daughter that is Married.

Sir *Will.* Ha, the Collonel Married to my Mistress. [*Aside.*]

Cla. Sir *William*, I desire all Quarrels between you and I may be Cancel'd.

Coll. Pray include me in that Treaty too, Sir *William.*

Caref. Here has been strange juggling, Sir *William*, I have been Trick'd out of my Consent, I hope you'll Pardon me too.

Sir *Will.* I'm in such Confusion, that I know not what to say, but I must shew 'em that my Soul's above an Affront, and that nothing can disorder the Serenity of my Temper. [*Aside.*] Ay, we are all Friends, Gentlemen, and I forgive the Lady too, for she has done more honestly by me than most Women wou'd, she has Married the Man she lik'd, tho' 'tis the Fashion to take the Rich Husband they don't like, and make a Friend of the Man they do.

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Will.* One thing I desire you'd make clear to me, Madam, which is, Why did you give me Encouragment by your Woman?

Cla. I give you Encouragment by my Woman? What do you mean?

Maid. I beg your Pardon, Madam, his Gold prevail'd upon me, and I thought what I said would signify nothing, I hope you will forgive me.

Cla. Never: Out of my Doors, I suppose thro' your managment, *Ogle* was so Familiar with me too.—— Out of my Sight. [*Exit Maid.*

Coll

Coll. Indeed, my Dear, I cannot Interceed in her behalf, ſince thro' her means my firſt Suſpicion came, that made us both uneaſy; but as to *Ogle*, I ſufficiently Reveng'd your Quarrel, for I'll engage he never ſets up for a Beau again.

Sir *Will.* Confound your whole Sex, you're all not worth a Gentleman's Anger; I'll to my Lodgings, and ſend for the Muſick, and think no more of you nor Matrimony; if I do, I'll give 'em leave to ram me into a Hautboy and blow me out at the Holes; Impair my vigour. [*Exit.*]

Om. Ha, ha, ha.

Bell. Well, Madam, What ſay you? Have you a mind to ſee me ſwing to *Elizium* in my Garters, and hear me ſung about in a Ballad to a doleful new Tune, call'd, The Gentleman's Farewell to his unkind Lady—Or will you take Pity on me?

Em. Well, Sir, to prevent ſuch ſad Diſaſters, I don't care if I give you my Hand, and as you deſerve, my Heart ſhall follow.

Bell. Ay, give me but the Body, and I'll warrant you I'll get the reſt.

Caref. Hey day! What a Wedding chopt up there too! Well, I never ſhall believe common Report again, That all Women are *Jacobites*, ſince I find them ſo ready to Reward the Soldiers Service to the Nation with their Perſons and Fortunes.

Em. I wiſh every Brave Man was Rewarded according to his Merit, I'm certain Captain *Bellmein* deſerves more than I can give him.

Bell. Don't Compliment your Huſband, Madam, you don't know half my Deſerts yet.

Caref. Brave Boys, brave Boys. [*Enter Servant.*]

Serv. Sir here's the Muſick without, come to Congratulate your Marriage.

Caref. Bid 'em come in, we'll have a Dance. [*here's a Dance.*]

Top. Well, Gentlemen, I wiſh you Joy if there can be any ſuch thing in a Wife; but for my part, it ſhall always be my Maxim not to part with my Liberty, till I can't help it; What Bird wou'd be confin'd to a Cage, when it can ſkip from Tree to Tree? Collonel, I'll come and take a Bottle with you by and by. [*Exit.*]

Cla. Madam, you deſerve our beſt Thanks for this exemplary piece of Juſtice, and be aſſured, you have laid an eternal Obligation on me.

Mrs. *Plot.* I am pleas'd that I have done you Service, and henceforth ſhall Devote my ſelf to Virtue, and I hope Heaven will Pardon the Follies of my paſt Life.

Coll. *Bleſt in my Love, I Envy no Man's Fate,*
Content alone, is the true happy State.

Mrs. *Plot.* Virtue thou ſhining Jewel of my Sex—— Thou precious Thing that none knows how to Value as they ought, while they Enjoy it, but like Spend-thrift Heirs, when they have waſted all their Store, wou'd give the World they cou'd retrieve their loſt Eſtate: Therefore beware, you happy Maids, how you liſten to the deluding Tongues of Men, 'tis only they have Power to betray you.

Oh happy ſhe, that can ſecurely ſay
Folly be gone, I have no mind to Play,
My Fame is Clear, I have not Sinn'd to Day.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

By the Author.

You see, Gallants, 't has been our Poets Care
To shew what Beaux in their Perfection are,
By Nature Cowards, foolish, useless Tools,
Made Men *by* Taylors, *and by* Women, Fools.
A Prickly, Paste, *a* Singing, Dancing *Crew,*
Nay now we hear they're Smiling *Masters too;*
Just now a Frenchman *in the Dressing Room,*
From Teaching of a Beau to Smile, was come,
He shew'd five Guineas.--- Wan't he rarely paid?
Thus all the World by Smiles *are once betray'd;*
The States Man *Smiles on them he wou'd* Undo,
The Courtier's Smiles *are very seldom* True,
The Lovers *Smiles too many do believe,*
And Women Smile *on them they wou'd Deceive;*
When Trades-Men *Smile, they safely* Cheat *with Ease,*
And Smiling Lawyers *never fail of* Fees.---
The Doctor's Look the Patient's Pain beguiles,
The Sick Man lives, *if the* Physician Smiles:
Thus Smiles *with Interest hand in hand do go,*
He surest Strikes, that Smiling gives the Blow;
Poets, with us, this Proverb do Defy,
We live by Smiles, *for if you* Frown *we die.*
To Please you then shall be our chief Endeavour,
And all we ask, is but your Smiles for Ever.

[*Going.*]

Hold--- I forgot, The Author bid me say,
She humbly begs Protection for her Play:
'Tis Yours--- She Dedicates it to you all,
And sure you're too Gen'rous, to let it fall:
She hopes the Ladies will her Cause Maintain,
Since Virtue here has been her only Aim;
The Beaux, she thinks, won't fail to do her Right,
Since here they're taught with safety how to Fight.
She's sure of Favour from the Men of War,
A Soldier is her Darling Character;
To fear their Murmurs then wou'd be absurd,
They only Mutiny when not Prefer'd:
But yet, I see, she does your Fury dread,
And like a Prisoner, stands with fear half Dead,
While you are Judges, do her Sentence give,
If you're not pleas'd, she says she cannot live.
Let my Petition then for once prevail,
And let your gen'rous Claps her Pardon Seal.